The Bucks County Gazette.

VOL. XVI. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1888. NO. 16.

THE COUNTRY DANCE.

Who comes here with patch on cheek,
Looking so demure and meek,
Moving slowly, shy of glance,
Through the quaint old country dance?
Who's this, with an air of grace,
As they move in measured pace,
Meets her, greets her, bowing low?
'Tis her rich and lordly beau!
Who, here, looks across the room,
Heart of doubt and brow of gloom?
Ah, the song has oft been sung:
'Tis her suitor, poor and young!
But he meets her roving eyes,
Sees the blushes sweet that rise;
Ah, what matters what may be—
They are lovers, he and she!

But the dance is over now,
Sweeping curtsey, courtly bow;
Beat one true heart 'mid the press;
Is it no, or is it yes?
Once, just once, their glances meet—
Ah, it is the signal sweet;
Where's the one white rose she wore?
Lying there upon the floor!
Hark, the clock is striking four;
Who's this at the postern door,
Cloaked and hooded in alarm,
Clinging to her lover's arm?
Turn thee well, O lordly beau—
They'll be wed long ere you know.
Love that has the will, folk say,
Soon or late will make the way!
—Chambers' Journal.

Intemperance Rarely Hereditary.

It is to be remarked in the matter of intemperance, as in all other evils which have been only empirically treated, that many notions have passed current as truth which only need a scientific investigation to be proved fallacious. Perhaps the one most frequently held, and most injurious in its effect is that of the hereditary nature of the drink habit. An inherited taste for liquor is the most frequent and most successful of all pleas for a condonation of the offense of inebriety. This result of a well known law seems, indeed, entirely to be expected, even though its force as an excuse should be denied. But there are some facts which seem to prove that heredity has very little to do with intemperance. Mr. Charles Loring Brace, whose acquaintance with the vicious and depraved classes of New York city is perhaps as extensive, and covers as long a term of years as that of any one living, recently made a very remarkable statement in this connection. Among the 100,000 girls who have come under his charge within thirty-three years, 80 per cent., he says, were the children of drunkards, and yet "the number of drunkards among them is almost nothing." "This," he well adds, "is a most extraordinary result."

From such a result, so well attested and gathered from so busy and so extensive an experience, it may be concluded that there is nothing in heredity which cannot be successfully met, so far as the tendency to intemperance is concerned. Mr. Brace attributes the astonishing fact above quoted to what he calls "mind cure." "These little vagabonds, these children of outcasts and drunkards, put out into new circumstances, feel a moral shock of a pleasant kind. They think, talk and feel differently, and are struck by new experiences of religion and disinterestedness. New food, new surroundings, influence them, and the children come out of their old habits, so that they sometimes turn out better than the boys and girls of the locality." In other words, new influences, new interests, what Dr. Bushnell has called "the expulsive power" of a new affection, are more potent than heredity, strong as we know that law to be.—Frank Leslie's.

Some Facts About Feet.

The ideal foot of modern ladies is about a No. 3. We hear but little about the shining goal toward which the masculine foot is directed. The length of the average foot is a difficult matter to decide. Perhaps there was a time when its status was more reliably fixed than at present. For instance, the common unit of lineal measure, a foot, was derived from the length of the human foot. Human feet differ in length all over the world, so does the standard of lineal measurement. There was a time when not only each country, but each town, had a foot measure of its own, indicating different averages of the different feet in various localities. Taking the English foot (12 inches) as a standard, we find the French foot to be 12.78, the Rhenish foot 12.35. As these comparative lengths were derived from the average human foot of these nationalities, we may take comfort in the fact that we are in the happy minority of inches at the base. The Russian foot of measure equals the English, and the German or Rhenish foot varies in the different states. The longest foot of measure is that of old Turin, which is equal to twenty inches of English measure. This latter, founded upon the length of the Turin pedal, might, in the persiflage of our time, be said to have descended by heredity to a certain section of our great country, famous, in fable at least, for its breadth and length of understanding. In order to get an idea of the length of shoe sizes in inches, it may be stated that a foot measuring ten inches, with the weight of the body resting upon it, may wear, comfortably, a No. 6 shoe. The reader can figure from this up to the Turin foot of twenty inches by allowing three full sizes to the inch.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Social Condition of Russia.

The Hon. George V. N. Lothrop, late minister to Russia, in a published letter, makes some interesting comments on Mr. Kennan's articles in The Century. He believes Mr. Kennan's statements to be in the main correct, but thinks the impression conveyed by them is calculated to give a mistaken idea of the social conditions of Russia. The idea is that the people of Russia live in a wretched condition of fear, cowering and cringing under a cold and cruel despotism with fear lest they may at any time be seized and condemned to the horrors of Siberian exile. While the Russian political system is in theory an absolute autocracy, it is, in fact, conducted and limited by positive law. Russian civil society is no more oppressed with fears of Siberian exile than is society in New York with fears of Sing Sing. The horrors of Siberian prisons are not due to design, but to an unexpected overcrowding of prisoners, and these shock the Russian authorities. The only complaint that can justly be made is that redress is so tardy.

The shocking condition of jails in the United States is, says Mr. Lothrop, far from being unknown, and we should remember that everywhere in these places for detention of prisoners there is a tendency to evils and abuses. Mr. Lothrop thinks the exposing of these evils will hasten the remedy, and believes the system is rapidly drawing to its end. The political offenders who resort to dynamite and the dagger will get little mercy there or anywhere else. Mr. Lothrop closes his interesting letter as follows: "Russia is a country so enormous and so remote that we are likely to have many erroneous notions about her. But let us not forget in America that she has always been our friend, and that in some great national exigencies this friendship has been of great value."—Detroit Cor. New York Times.

A Hint to Theatregoers.

I notice that in leaving places of evening amusement people almost always wrap up their throats. This is a great mistake, and brings on the very evil they wish to avoid, by making the throat hot and susceptible to cold air, causing the voice to become hard and harsh. When leaving a crowded building the neck should be left uncovered and the mouth kept closed for a few minutes; this will warm the air before it reaches the lungs, and prevent chest colds. Ladies can wear a thin wrapper over the shoulders. As a singer I have proved how valuable this precaution will be to all who take my advice.—Cor. New York Telegram.

SHADOWS.

A dusky calm has drifted down,
All strife is hushed in holy sleep
Below where looms the quiet town
Tranquil the river is, and deep.

Perchance down twixt yon sacred stars
This peace sifts with vague prophecy;
Are we so near that through the bars
Fall shadows from the world to be?
—Charles Henry Phelps in Home Journal.

"BON GARCON."

There is a little corner in southern Italy where Arcady still lingers. Once I was in the habit of spending every spring there, but I shall never go again. Yet it is to me the most beautiful place in the world.

One lands at the Marina and climbs the hill winding up, up, up the long white high road, which is like a shelf along the edge of the cliff.

High above one's head hangs the mountain, leaning forward stark and grim; below the wall of the road the ground falls sheer away to the sea. One sees nothing but the great shining plain and the threatening mountain.

Round and round curves the road between those two silent watching enemies, till suddenly, without warning, one reaches the plateau and comes out in a land of desire.

It is only to climb a wall and then to walk onward without let or hindrance through the wheat fields under the olives, where the young green wheat blades are like swords for keenness, and their color strikes on the soul like a song too sweet for words, and yet brave withal. And below the wheat on the lower terraces are the bean fields, sweet and heavy, where a man may lie full length on the short grass of the threadlike paths and feel nothing but the warm odors, the little winds over the blossoms, be conscious of nothing but the glory of the wheat, the flickering shades of the gnarled olives in the afternoon light, and if he lies still enough the sound of the nightingale learning its song. And yet he may be sick at heart.

As I lay there the livelong April day, neither reading nor thinking, nor grateful to God for his wind and his bean fields, but with my fingers in my ears to shut out the sound of the nightingale who sang loud, so loud!

For, instead of the young spring tide, I saw nothing but a woman, standing as at first I saw her, dressed in white from head to foot, with bare arms and shoulders, a wreath of brown winter ivy round her golden head and a great garland of it on her gown.

There she stood and looked me in the eyes, with a straight grave glance.

Not the look she gave men as a rule: I found that out soon enough, for if ever there was a woman coquette, sedulsante (my English is not good at best, it leaves me always when I speak of her), it was she—Suzon.

I used to watch her often as she talked to men with that quick grace she had, and being used to analyzing faces—it is my profession for that matter, I who am a doctor—I saw that she, whom most women hated for her lovers, whom most men adored and thought a soft, warm plaything, uno vraio femme, was in reality as cold as a stone image.

It was a very pretty play which went on around her, with often a change in the jeune premier, but she did not act in it herself.

She piped carelessly and all her court danced, but she grew neither warm nor weary.

I am not very sure how I came to be as I was.

But we fell into a way of walking over the hills together and sitting on the cliffs in the noondays, looking out over a sea like the glory of God for light and color; talking of many things sometimes, sometimes quite silent, lying in the sun; I with my hat over my eyes, drinking in the scents of the spring air, just seeing the splendor of a bush of yellow broom standing out against a violet sea; she with her head flung back on the short, dry grasses, often enough a cigarette in her mouth.

As the days went by we grew quietly nearer one another, insensibly, till one morning I asked her something.

The fact was, all the place was ringing with her doings. The men with whom she had amused herself for a time, not all being gentlemen, handled her name in the cafes without too much courtesy. And the women had always hated her for her beauty, her toilets, her artistic reputation; young as she was, she had had a mention at the Salon.

So I asked her if it really amused her sufficiently to be worth the price.

She shook her head.

When she was not painting she grew horribly ennuyee; she must do something. And then it was not all her fault, she said.

"It is to a great extent," I told her. "You lead men on horribly (not me—ce n'est pas la peine—but most men). As soon as they make love to you they disgust you, repel you; you fling them over none too gently, and, well—enfin, they talk."

She nodded. I fancy she knew quite well what sort of reputation she had. But presently she said with amusement:

"So you do not care about me—you?"

"I like you so much that I do not like them to speak of you as they do. You are always bon garcon to me," I cried, turning sharply on her; "why cannot you translate it literally and be a 'good boy' always? Drop your coquetry, take life frankly; you would do better."

She did not answer.

The sun was hot, she began to look tired and said she had work to do, she must go home. I thought she did not like what I had said. But I walked to her villa with her, and as I stood in the loggia and bade her good-by she put her hand into mine.

And something prompting me, I said very low:

"Be a good boy."

She looked me in the face.

"I will," she said, as though she were making a vow.

And she did, I know, for I never again saw in her that light manner which I had always disliked; I never heard her talking to men as I had heard her often enough.

And we were rather more together than ever. She would not let me treat her as a woman; indeed, she was the only woman I ever knew who was, au fond, bon garcon—who knew the meaning of camaraderie.

But my relation to her was getting all pose, and I knew it.

"Mon camarade, mon beau garcon, mon ami," I said to her, and in my soul I called her "Ma rose blonde, ma cherie."

I made up my mind to go away; it was all I could do. She knew nothing about my wife, and of course I knew I must tell her.

So one very windy unpleasant day, as we were sitting in a little sheltered cove on the shore, I "screwed my courage to the sticking place" and told her I must go to Rome.

I had had a very tiresome letter and was out of tune, like the day, and I did not say it nicely.

"Why do you go?" she asked, looking at me where she sat, close against the eternal rock, the glorious strong sea crashing and foaming at her very feet.

I threw a stone into the water and waited to see where it fell. Then I said, quite steadily:

"Because there is no use in my staying."

"Certainly not; since you are well enough to go back to your work," she assented (for I go to my Arcady because I do not sleep in Rome). Yet I knew she had understood me.

She threw a stone into the incoming wave in her turn, then she spoke slowly and carefully:

"Are you going back to your wife?" she said.

"Who told you?" said I, not having voice for more.

"The princess, I think. The morning you came into the studio and she was there."

I seldom entered Suzon's house. One morning I had gone to ask her about photographing a picture, I remembered, and Princess Mathilde was there.

"What did she say?" I asked.

"Precisely? She said what a very handsome man you were, and what a sad story yours was."

"Ah!" I said stupidly.

"Where is your wife?" Suzon spoke with careful civility. "I suppose you will join her in Rome?"

"My wife, mademoiselle, is, or rather was, in a maison de sante. She suffers from incurable homicidal mania."

"I beg your pardon," said my comrade softly, and held out her hand to me.

I took it as it was offered and let it go again.

She did not ask me any more, nor did I tell her. Of what use was it to say that three times had that woman tried to murder me when crazed by drink, till her own people had had her shut up? Or why should I say to my bon garcon that I had only that day received a letter from the doctor at the asylum telling me that my wife had escaped, and he did not know where she was; could I tell him of any haunt in which she was likely to be found?

I saw no sense in telling all this to Suzon. When a man at the age of 23 marries a woman thirteen years older, and finds out soon after that, besides being addicted to drinking, she is of unsound mind and makes pleasing attempts to murder him, she and her doings are not a subject on which he is likely to dwell. So I held my tongue.

I never thought she could find me out in my pleasant land, though she had been there once with me, long ago; I never thought that in her mad hatred she would remember how I invariably spent the spring months there after my winter's work. But I fancied I should find her in Rome.

"What are you going to do?" I asked Suzon.

"Work," she said quietly.

She never spoke of it, but I knew she painted for her bread, and that she had no idea of saving money, but lived from hand to mouth. So I was anxious about her. I could not trust myself to think about it. I would keep an courant with her doings; that was all I could do for her, though I knew she was horribly poor, and the life of a beautiful woman in Paris is not easy in that case.

"We will have one more walk before I go," I said to Suzon, and she said "Yes."

So the next day we walked up the terraced high road, up and up till we reached the olives and the wheat, and then the bean fields, and, wandering on at our own sweet will, were happy and innocent, God knows.

We sat down at last on the long grass at the edge of the cliff overhanging the sea, where a little wind came up to us.

We did not speak of its being our last day; we talked as usual, comrade to comrade, while a nightingale somewhere about kept trying his voice in broken ecstasies.

It was like heaven.

I lay on the grass; Suzon, not far off, read Leopardi aloud. Why she chose that philosophe de desespoir, she who had still la joie de vivre, I do not know. But presently I ceased to hear her voice.

I do not sleep at night, and, like all people who have insomnia, am utterly unable sometimes to keep from falling into a deep sleep, especially in the open air.

And so I did that day.

And while I slept that woman must have been creeping up to us. For I started, dazed, from my sleep to see Suzon struggling in the grasp of a mad woman on the very verge of the cliff [illegible] my feet like a flash, but not in time; for before I could reach her I saw my comrade flung out over that awful height.

And then two men who had been working in the fields came running and caught my wife. I did not wait to hear them tell how they had seen her creep up to me, not seeing I was not alone; how, just as she held the knife at my back, Suzon had leaped like a cat and caught it from her hand, and how that she devil had turned on her. All that I heard afterward. Now I ran down that zigzag path to the shore and knelt by my little comrade.

I thought she was dead, for nearly every bone in her body was broken and her eyes were closed in stupor. I groped for her heart with my hand (I who had never touched her). She was alive, for I felt it stir, and then she opened her eyes and looked at me.

She knew me, but she did not, I think, remember where she was or what had happened. The poor lips tried to speak and failed.

"Try again, my darling, ma cherie!" I cried. "Tell me, are you in pain?" Though I did not think she was, for her back was broken.

"Say it again," she whispered.

"What?" I wondered. In despair I called her by every name I had for her and had never used except to my own soul.

"Ma cherie, ma rose blonde, mon amour."

"What you said—I was always—to you!" she gasped fretfully.

"Mon camarade, mon bon garcon," I said, hardly able to get out the words.

"Bon gar"—— the murmur died in her throat and her eyes closed. Presently I could no longer feel her heart.

And when I knew she was dead I took her in my arms and carried her up to the little plateau, full of wondering peasants, where the gendarmes were taking away my wife. But I did not see them: I went straight to her house, even to that chamber where I had never thought to enter, and laid her on her bed.

I never kissed her. I was her comrade, not her lover.

* * * * * * *

It is two years since then.

My wife is shut up once more, safely watched, now that it does not matter.

I am at my work. Sometimes I am so tired that I can hardly undress at night, too tired to sleep.

But this spring I longed so for my old Arcady that I came in spite of myself. It is all the same, all—yet today I lay face downward in the bean fields, and if I lifted my head I could not see the young wheat for tears.—Belgravia.

Needed Improvements in Railway Cars.

The compulsion used to dispose of stoves in railroad coaches has led fromone thing to another, until now it is no longer a question of safety, but of sanitation. It is demanded that cars be so heated that one passenger shall not be at the mercy of another, who wishes a window open that shall let a draught on his neighbor. The only escape from this, and the fatal colds caught by the weaker and sensitive passengers, will be in a partial adoption of the apartment system. This sanitary demand is associated with another, no less important; that is the careful supervision of the supply of water placed in the tanks. This is often of a vile sort, only usable owing to the ice placed in it; but for all that a source of poison to all who do use it. Nor are the closets on many lines decently cared for; so that, from a sanitary point of view, they are unsafe for the occupants of the cars.—Globe-Democrat.

Pay of Newspaper Men.

The pay of men in position of any consequence in all our dailies is good. The pay of men who are subordinate is bad. Why, the writer on one of the great dailies of New York city who has made the deepest, the widest, the most creditable mark during the last two years receives the extraordinary sum of $30 a week, is not permitted to do any outside work, and finds appearing in a syndicate of papers, the profit of which goes to the employer, the very matter prepared with care and skill and loyal industry. Thirty dollars is a large weekly income to the ordinary reporter. You will be surprised to know that there are men on these great dailies to whom a weekly bill of $15 is an amazement.—Howard in Chicago News.

THE DORRIS HOUSE

Story of the Tragedy That Made It a Famous Mansion.

NOW IT HAS BEEN BURNED UP.

Russell Brown Murdered His Grandmother in 1882 to Get Her Money to Pay His Gambling Debts with—It was a Cold Blooded Crime and Excited Much Attention at the Time.

Every once in a while a murder is committed, the murderer disappears, there is a futile search for him, and then the tragedy is lost from public view. Occasionally some thing happens which brings the crime to mind.

The recent burning of the Dorris mansion in St. Louis brings back the murder which took place there. One January morning in 1882 one Russel Brown murdered his grandmother in cold blood. He did it to get money to carry out his gambling schemes.

The mansion was built in 1869 by George P. Dorris. Dorris was a gambler and his gait was rapid. There are some tall poker stories floating around St. Louis, but some of the worst of them are told about George P. Dorris. He was a Jim dandy. He made lots of money, and, like all gamblers, spent it freely. He built the mansion, which stood just outside of St. Louis, on the south side of Olive street right directly west of King's Highway, at a cost of $80,000. The house was of red brick, three stories high and had a mansard roof. It had a broad veranda in front. The columns were fluted with Doric caps. The glass used was colored, but when the mansion was recently burned most of it had been replaced by plain white glass.

THE DORRIS MANSION FIRE.

A broad carriage drive swept around the house, and a statue of Flora stood between the front door and the gate.

Dorris lived in the mansion about ten years after it was built, with his wife, Sarah H. Dorris, and his two daughters, Mrs. Van Buren Wisker and Mrs. [illegible] Wisker. He was the man who did the deed. Brown got to traveling a pretty fast gait in St. Louis and fell in company with some bad characters who led him on from one thing to another until he descended pretty low. He had no visible means of support, but when he got hard up used to drive out to his grandmother's and strike her for a raise.

THE CRIME.

One evening, the evening of Jan. 26, 1882, Brown started out to visit the house in company with a man named McGlew. He first went to his mother and asked her for money, and she gave him a quarter. A man who is in the habit of "bucking the tiger" hasn't much use for a quarter of a dollar. So he went away with the determination to get more money by foul means if he couldn't get it by fair. That night he and McGlew went back to the house, entered it, and he went up stairs and quietly choked his grandmother to death. Then he skipped. When the body was found it was thought that the woman's death was caused by apoplexy, and the police were not notified. But some mysterious circumstances having leaked out, the matter was investigated and Brown was caught and indicted for the murder. McGlew skipped to Chicago, but he was caught also and the two were remanded for trial in March, 1882. They managed to obtain numerous continuances on pleas for time until March, 1883, when they withdrew their first plea of not guilty, and substituted a plea of guilty of manslaughter in the first degree. They were sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary at Jefferson City. Brown had some education, and after he got into prison he was appointed librarian. McGlew went to work in the shoe department. In 1887 Brown was given charge of the electric light plant which had just been put in. One of his duties was to make the round of the lamps at midnight and see if the carbons were all right.

BROWN'S ESCAPE.

One night in October he cut the circuit of a lamp which lighted the yard of the penitentiary and "skipped by the light of the moon." The wall of the penitentiary at Jefferson City is high, which seems to be common in penitentiaries throughout the country; but Brown succeeded in getting a board, which he put against the wall, shinued up and disappeared. Nobody knows to this day where he is. It was declared at the time in police circles that Brown could never have escaped without aid. He, of course, had to change his clothes, and there seems to be some reason for the supposition that his project for escape was planned in connection with somebody outside of the penitentiary.

Brown's father had been divorced from his wife about twelve years before the murder took place. He now lives in St. Louis county and is prominent in politics. Some time after Brown had escaped an offer was received from his father to surrender him if he was granted a bill. It seems that under the penitentiary rules for good behavior one-fourth of the sentence is remitted, and this is what is called a bill by the convicts. Brown's father evidently wanted to get his son off on this condition, but it didn't work. The authorities would not consent to the terms, so Brown is still at large. Now that the Dorris mansion has been destroyed by fire all traces of the murder have been obliterated, and it is probable that it will be entirely forgotten.

Concerning the Eye Glass.

The monocle is a circular disk of polished glass which was invented by a fool to diminish the visual capacity of an idiot. It is defensible on no grounds whatever. It spoils the eyesight by throwing the two lenses out of a common focus. It is debatably of benefit where there is one weak eye, but is nowise as good for a weak head as is generally imagined. It is one of the few directions in which the male human animal enters a domain in which the female usually reigns supreme, that of pursuing a custom based on nonsense and harmful to health in consequence of an accepted policy of imitation. It is socially of value as illustrating the truism that men have no more digested wisdom than women, generally speaking, but outside of this purpose the monocle falls into the same general class as the nut quite, the King Charles spaniel, and improved food for infants, all articles which humanity could get along much better without.—London Cor. New York Times.

STEAM PIPE FIRES.

The Necessity for Sheathing the Pipes in Something Besides Wood.

The second annual report of the fire marshal of the city of Boston for the year ending May 1, 1888, contains, among other matters, the following interesting information:

I have been able to satisfactorily trace the origin of but five fires during the year to steam pipes, and the circumstances surrounding these in no way tend to show that wood in its normal condition, i. e., when free from any previous desiccation, is in danger of becoming ignited in this manner. In other words, ignition in said cases appears to be merely a certain species of what is popularly termed "spontaneous combustion," the steam pipes themselves being merely one of many indirect factors which often assist in producing such combustion. Although the subject has been discussed pro and con from the year 1846, when Chief Braidwood, of the London fire brigade, first addressed the house of lords on the topic, to the present time, when the opinions of experienced persons interested in the matter seem to be somewhat conflicting, I find by far the preponderance of evidence in favor of the conclusion that wood, subjected for a number of years to the heat of steam pipes, may eventually reach such a state of carbonization as, with the addition of moisture, exposure to a draught of air, or under the influence of friction, caused by expansion and contraction of the pipes, may break into flame. As the ignition point of ordinary pine wood has been determined, by experiment, to be 700 degs. Fahrenheit, it is evident that this must be reduced by some process in order to admit of its taking fire at 292 degs., the temperature of steam under a pressure of sixty pounds.

I have found one of the most frequent causes of fires, which are directly traceable to steam pipes, to be the self ignition of dust, fluff, small pieces of paper, waste, etc., which seem especially attracted to the neighborhood of inclosed steam pipes through almost imperceptible crevices. In several such instances the fires have been fortunately discovered and extinguished before doing any harm. P. A. Montgomery, secretary of the Western Manufacturers' Mutual Insurance company, in special report No. 5 of the Manufacturers' Mutual Insurance company, refers to this same element of danger, and suggests, as a remedy, the use of a tunnel shaped casting, cast in two parts, from three to six inches in height, fitting close at the top, and screwed to the floor, where the pipe passes through; and he further recommends that a thimble of some non-combustible material should be put through the hole in the floor or partition and securely fastened on either side, in order to protect the wood from contact with the pipe.

The light sheathing by which the pipes are often covered, being obliged to constantly absorb the confined steam heat, is extremely liable to reach a dangerous ignition temperature. Sheathing reduced to such condition by being in close contact with the pipe, and so placed as to be susceptible to more or less friction, caused one of the five fires herein referred to; another was caused by lumber dust in the dry house of a planing mill sifting through the floor on to the pipes. The desirability of employing some sort of non-combustible covering for steam pipes, to prevent their contact with wood, dust, etc., is apparent. They should never be inclosed in wood sheathing. Professor Gibson, in a report to the Manufacturers' Mutual Insurance company, gives an Scientific American.

The Delsarte System.

The Delsarte system is too comprehensive to be incorporated in an article of this kind, but it uses no chemical appliances in its development. It is founded on the reciprocal relation of body, mind and soul, and its aim is the thorough subjugation of muscular tissue to mental discipline. To accomplish this the pupil is taught by various mechanical exercises to take the will entirely out of voluntary muscles, to dislocate members at will as if they were dead. This requires much more practice than one realizes, but, once accomplished in limb and head, there has been attained perfect freedom of every part of the body from all stiffness, and also not only a beautiful suppleness and flexibility of muscle, but marked development as well. The motions used are exceedingly simple and belong to what are called the "freeing exercises," among which are included the following motions, together with many more: Drop the hand lifelessly at the wrist and with the muscles of the arm shake and toss it at will as if it were broken off at the wrist and hung only by a string; drop the arm in the same lifeless manner and with the body throw it about in every direction; drop the head, let it turn with the muscles of the neck about on the trunk; stand on a hassock, cut one limb off at the hip and let it swing without the use of its own muscles, and so on until you have learned to take the will out of every member, a feat requiring much practice.

Then comes the second step in the process, "the controlling exercise." The pupil is taught just what muscles should be used in certain acts and to express certain emotions, and the plastic muscles are readily influenced by the controlling mind. All these mechanical exercises become in time unconsciously applied, the mind from within permeates the remotest tissue, and the trained disciplined muscle responds in skilled and swift obedience to its dictates. The most beautiful exhibition of Delsartian principles may be seen in Mary Anderson's Galatea as she quickens into life and animation. The first perceptible thrill is at the chest; it quivers up to the shoulders, glows in the face, stirs in the arms last of all; she speaks, and the marvel is wrought.—New York Sun.

Sledge Dogs of Kamschatka.

Kamschatkan dogs are probably the most sagacious of all feral types, and are employed and trained in the most careful manner for the multitudinous services required of them. Soon after birth they are placed with their dam in a deep pit, that they may see neither man nor beast, and, after having been weaned, are condemned to solitary confinement for six months, at the end of which time they are put to a sledge with other dogs, and being extremely shy and frightened withal, they run as fast as they can until they become blown and cowed.

After this trial trip they are remanded to their pit, where they remain off and on until they are thoroughly trained and sledge broken. This severe education sours their temper amazingly, and makes them anything but companionable. Drivers are frequently obliged to stun them by a blow on the nose before unharnessing them on account of their savage nature. Besides drawing sledges they tow boats up rivers in summer and keep their masters warm in winter nights. They are remarkable weather prophets, and discount the signal service bureau, for if, when resting on a journey, they dig holes in the snow, there is certain to be a storm. They are of the husky type, shaggy, with erect curling bushy tails, and not very sharp noses and ears. They live exclusively on fish, which they catch for themselves. In winter their ration comprises forty frozen herrings per day.—Forest and Stream.

Near Laredo, Mex., there has just been discovered the remains of a concrete dam across the Rio Grande, evidently built in that time wherein the record runneth not.

It is neither wise nor healthy to seek for autumn leaves in the vicinity of an anaconda's nest.—Harper's Bazar.

The vine growers of the Argentine republic have engaged in the production of raisins.

BLOODY SCALPS.

In His Day Capt. John Miller Took a Score and a Half.

HIS OWN VIOLENT DEATH.

After a Career That Was Gory to a Marrow Curdling Extent He Was at Last Sent to His Home by One of His Tenants, Who Took the Law Into His Hands.

Thirty scalps! Thirty death faces to come up in a man's memory to haunt him! Thirty bleeding, gaping wounds to dream about at night! Thirty lives ended by one hand!

Such is the record of Capt. John Miller, of Indian territory.

But the bloody record is now closed with the blood of Capt. Miller himself. After passing a long life of encounter, having received in all his affrays only one slight wound, he was killed near Jimtown, I. T., by one of his tenants, Jim Ables. There was a dispute about some cotton which Ables claimed had been stolen. Miller made a suspicious movement as if to show a revolver, when Ables shot him dead.

MILLER'S GORY RECORD.

This is the record: Miller was the son of an Irishman and an octoroon Choctaw squaw. He was born in 1816, in Choctaw county, Miss. It is not stated that he began his career of slaughter with a toy gun, but, judging by the length of the record, he must have begun early. At any rate, the first man he killed was one of the large family of Jones, and Miller killed him at Columbus, Miss. He was tried, but not convicted.

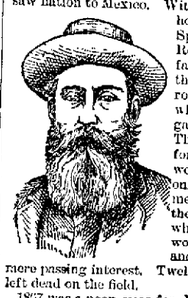
In 1848 Miller and two brothers named Maloy killed three brothers named Turk.

In 1849 Miller got into a difficulty near Shreveport, La., and killed three men named Murphy, Mysick and Carroll. A plea of self defense got him off.

In 1850, at Lickspillet, La., he and Alex. Rudes followed two horse thieves from Texas, [illegible] and their body, after they declined to be arrested.

Here is a gap of sixteen years. Was it sixteen years of peace? Hardly. Four years of it were spent as a Missouri guerrilla during the civil war, and if ever a state achieved a reputation for the bloodthirsty character of its guerrillas it is Missouri. Let us pass over this period for the present and complete the record of civil slaughters.

In 1866 Miller was going from the Chickasaw nation to Mexico. With six companions he encamped near Spivey's ferry on Red river. Not far from the camp there occurred a row between five white men and a gang of negroes. This was too much for Miller. Rows were what he lived on. He and his men appeared on the scene after the whites were all wounded. Miller and his companions [illegible] more passing interest. Twelve negroes were left dead on the field.



1867 was a poor year for Miller. He only killed one man; but the provocation was considerable. A man named Taylor was indiscreet enough to strike Miller in the head with a stone. Miller returned the compliment with a knife. Taylor didn't throw stones any more. He died.

1871 furnished Miller with a trifle better supply of scalps, but not enough to come near 1866, which was the crack year. He pursued three horse thieves from Indian territory into Texas and killed them all.

Eight years elapsed, during which it doesn't appear that Miller killed any one. But in 1879 he killed, or is supposed to have killed, Mathew Fletcher on his (Miller's) farm, near Jimtown. For this single slaughter he spent eight months in jail, which he regarded a hard fate. He was acquitted in the end, however, and this restored his confidence in the justice doled out by judge and jury in his native land.

It is owing to the captain's natural delicacy that the names of his next three victims killed in the Indian country are not forthcoming. There is something touching in his reason for not letting their names be known. He said that the murdered men had grown children in that country, and he didn't care to have the matter resurrected.

AN INDIAN KILLED.

In 1886 he let the life out of a young Choctaw in his (Miller's) house. He said, however, that this was an accident; that the Choctaw was drunk and drew a pistol. Miller tried to wrench it out of his hand and it was discharged. The singular fact is that it was always the other fellow who was killed.

One would suppose this record to be quite sufficient for one man without passing through two wars. Miller, however, had the honor to serve in the Mexican war in the regiment of Col. Jefferson Davis, and fought at Orizaba and Monterey and the city of Mexico. After the war he did some Indian fighting to keep in practice.

In the civil war he spilled blood at Wilson's Creek, Elkhorn, Prairie Grove, Gibson, Cabin Creek, besides many small skirmishes, being most of the time in command of scouts.

HIS CAREER CLOSED.

After 72 years of life—more than half a century of this playful manner of sending people to that bourne from which no traveler returns—Miller was at last beaten at his own game. He had passed through many an affair successfully by "drawing" quick. Perhaps his hand was slower from age; perhaps he was satisfied with his scalps and only wanted to frighten Ables. At any rate Ables showed some sense and due consideration for self protection, considering Miller's record, in not lingering to find out his intentions—he shot him dead.

Peculiarity of Postoffice Robberies.

"Postoffice robberies are generally a great deal like sleight of hand tricks," said an official of the New York postoffice to a reporter the other day. "They seem mysterious and incomprehensible until the manner in which they are done is brought to light, and then they seem simple enough, and we are ashamed that we were not able sooner to get at the bottom of so plain a case. But the simplicity of the methods used is the reason that makes it so hard to discover the robber. It is often the case in postoffice robberies, as in many others, that 'opportunity makes the thief.' A clerk or messenger may handle a certain pouch for a number of years and at last, perhaps by accident, notice how a valuable package may be taken and no trace left behind. If he happens to be a little weak minded and the temptation proves too great, he commits what may be his first crime. So the difficulty in detecting mail robbers is that each one is different from all the others, and the detectives are obliged to learn a new lesson in each case."—Baltimore American.

On Business Cares Intent.

"That gentleman who just passed us," remarked Brown to Robinson, "I have met several times, and if he notices you at all he looks you square in the face. I like that style of man."

"Yes," replied Robinson, "he is a boss barber and probably wants to see if you don't need a shave."—The Epoch.

AT THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTE.

The Famous Staff—Sheridan—One of the World's Grandest Scenes.

Drawing nigh, we saw the famous staff around the king and Moltke. They had halted on the way from Rezonville to Gravelotte, at a point from which could be observed the movements of the right wing of the German army, and there they remained three hours. Bismarck was reclining on a blanket doubled and thrown on the dusty ground, where there were remnants of stalks of clover. He had a French knapsack made of calfskin with the hair on for a pillow, and his head was sheltered by a strip of French tent, held by two wooden spikes. His attitude was that of dejection as well as weariness. The king wore a very long light blue overcoat and his helmet, and was erect and alert. A colored servant was in charge of his carriage. The three carriages belonged respectively to the king, Bismarck and Moltke.

Standing near the king, his feet wide apart and holding a field glass to his eyes, was Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, who was Bismarck's guest, and had ridden to the field in the carriage of the chancellor. The old uniform of Sheridan was dingy beside the new clothes worn by the German leaders, who had been in the field but three weeks, and had not encountered many rain and dust storms. The hour was twenty minutes after 11, and the sounds of battle began to thicken and deepen. The scattering shots of the skirmishers were lost in the roar of firing by regiments, and the tremendous German artillery began to play like some sublime orchestra. There were many dead horses and many blood stains about, and a penetrating, sour smell came from them. Between two swollen monsters I located my cherished chair, and, taking the only "reserved seat" at that stupendous performance, adjusted my field glass and was soon absorbed in one of the grandest scenes that mortal ever gazed upon.

It occurred to me at the moment that no descriptive language could be better than that employed by Henry J. Raymond in writing of the battle of Solferino. He said that two storm clouds seemed to have descended to the earth, and to be pouring their lightnings on battle [illegible] gunpowder smoke—here pillars of fleecy snow rising to the skies, and there whirling abysses of vapor, vibrating as if electrified—were darkly streaked by burning villages, and the sky over the French lines, where the iron rain of the German artillery fell, was spotted with the tiny clouds puffed by the exploding shells.

I could see the galloping of horsemen bearing orders through the fiery mist—the surging march of the troops, block after block of the blue divisions of Germany crowding to the left—the sparkle of steel and of the helmets, like flashes of starlight on a raging sea—the long darts of fire from the breech loading cannon of the Germans, which were each discharged at times almost as fast as a cowboy fires his revolver—I could discern the French positions for near three miles outlined by flickering fire, and billows of smoke that seemed to swell from a series of Niagaras; and I heard the awful uproar comprehending a thousand stunning shocks, rising at times to a majesty that was beyond all faculty of measurement, and rendered one of a transcendent burst of music—but there was nothing in all the wonderful pyrotechnics and monstrous clamor to tell how the battle was

The Empress of Austria.

During my stay at Tucker's hotel I had several good opportunities to see the empress of Austria. She is a very tall woman, with a long body and remarkably small waist. At a little distance, owing to her ease of carriage and springy gait, you would put her down at 35. A closer inspection shows the lines in her face. Her dark brown hair is usually done up in tight braids at the back. Her complexion, from constant exposure, is as brown as that of a sailor. I was struck with the length of her feet and the size of her hands. The latter, for a woman, appeared to be simply enormous. I watched her one day coming up from the boat. She was dressed in a gown of gray material, with three old fashioned flounces running round it. Her long waist was covered with a tightly fitting black jacket. In her left hand she held a straw colored parasol, and in the right the empress clutched a book and red fan. Two of the fishermen helped this eccentric lady out of the boat, and one of her own servants followed with the rugs and wraps upon his arm. The empress is certainly a wonderful walker. She strides over the ground at a tremendous rate. In walking from the beach she had completely distanced her solitary attendant. Then the emperor's wife disappeared into Tucker's, mounted the stairs and was soon in her apartment over the billiard room. In spite of the dowdiness of her attire the empress would attract attention anywhere by a certain air of distinction, due in a measure to the elegance of her figure and the grace with which she carries herself. It was to me surprising that a woman of such broad shoulders and length of limb could exist, much less take such exaggerated forms of exercise, considering the disparity between her shoulders—broader than Mrs. Langtry's—and the eighteen inch waist which her majesty prides herself upon retaining from girlhood.—New York Press.

"Give Away" Papers in Germany.

You Americans have not all the enterprise in the world, and I think we could show some of your most energetic advertising solicitors a few points that you know nothing about yet. In Belgium and Germany we have a great many class papers that are altogether different from anything you have here, and which are never seen off the continent. Each of the great hotels, for instance, has its own paper, issued by the hotel management, and it is the organ of the hotel. It is nothing like your Hotel Reporter, but it is a journal intended strictly for the use of the guests. It contains statements of the amusements going on, of the sights to be seen, railroad time tables, cab fares, and, in a word, all of those things which a stranger waking up in Berlin or Munich or Antwerp would want to know. There is usually a story and a

The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE: CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, not for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.

No subscription continued after expiration of time paid for.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

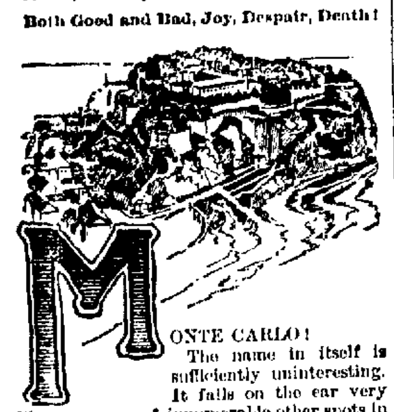
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1888

FAIR MONTE CARLO

The Most Luxurious Gambling Place in the World.

THE PRINCIPALITY OF MONACO.

Some Interesting Details of the Daily Routine of the Place—Brilliant Lights, Music, Balmy Air, Excitement, Luck Both Good and Bad, Joy, Despair, Death!



MONTE CARLO! The name in itself is sufficiently uninteresting. It falls on the ear very like the names of innumerable other spots in the south of France and in sunny Italy. But taken in connection with the place itself, what a story the bare name tells, and what a part it has played in the ill fated lives of many hundreds, even thousands, of reckless adventurers and confirmed gamblers, feverish worshipers of the playful goddess Luck from every part of the world!

Roulette and trente et quarante are not the only fascinations of Monte Carlo. The little principality of Monaco, only three miles long, which includes Monte Carlo, is a paradise—a subtle enticer to recklessness. The air is balmy and always send orange blossoms or anemones you can from Monte Carlo to your friends in northern Europe. The sky is marvelously blue, and at night the stars seem to fairly blaze with a brightness and intensity that is only observable on the shores of the Mediterranean. The blue Mediterranean itself, eternally dotted with well filled sails, washes the base of the towering peaks of Monaco.

Nature throws a luxuriant and deceptive mantle over the iniquity of Monte Carlo.

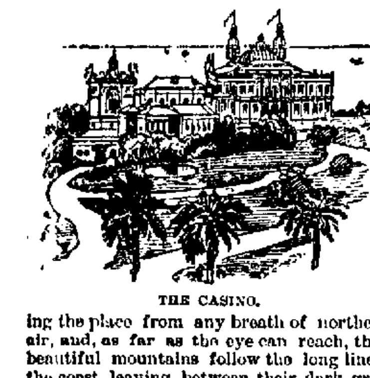
MONACO IN LITERATURE.

And then, the Casino!

Who has not heard of the palatial Casino? The European novelists of the day, who write the horsey, half absurd, half tragic books now so immeasurably popular, all have something to say about the Casino at Monte Carlo. As, for instance, "As in a Looking Glass," that sensation of last year, which was afterward staged by Mrs. Langtry. The book—rather maudlinly, to be sure—tells considerable about the Casino, but spreads a very misleading gloss over the gilded palace of human weakness.

Every want of man or woman, good or bad, is provided for in this magnificent [illegible] the place. The cafe has one of the best chefs on the continent. The liquors are half a century old.

Behind the Casino the ground ascends for some 400 yards, and here have been built the many hotels which, with a few shops and a sprinkling of villas, constitute the little town. The olive covered slopes of the Alpes Maritimes rise precipitously behind, shelter-



THE CASINO.

ing the place from any breath of northerly air, and, as far as the eye can reach, those beautiful mountains follow the long line of the coast, leaving, between their dark green feet and the sapphire sea, just room enough in some places for a cluster of houses, and in others hardly sufficient space for the long white road that stretches away to Genoa.

The entrance to the Casino is on that side of the building turned away from the sea, and is approached from a "place," which has a fountain in the center, and on either side of it the Hotel and Cafe de Paris. Passing through the large doors at the top of a flight of steps, one finds himself in a vestibule, to the right of which is the cloak room, and to the left the bureau, where every visitor is obliged to leave his name and obtain a card of permission to enter. Armed with this he advances into a large hall where smoking is allowed and where promenaders, cigar in mouth, explain with profuse gesticulation to their friends how it came to pass that they lost their money, or, on the other hand, take credit to themselves for a run of luck. This hall is familiarly known as "La salle des pas perdus!"

Then you enter the Salon de Jeu.

The Salon de Jeu is where the gambling is done. It is a superb room, long and high, frescoed by the chief artists of Europe, and furnished with exquisite taste. The

ENTRANCE TO CASINO.

room is filled with an eager but strangely silent throng, some aimlessly promenading around, others looking on at the players, but the majority are playing. There is scarcely any talking. Even the impulsive women of the south, of whom there are many in the room, refrain from chattering, and everybody in the room is filled with suppressed excitement. Almost the only noise that disturb's the silence of the vast room is the hoarse voice of the croupier monotonously uttering the warning: "Messieurs et mesdames, faites vos jeux." Beside suppressed excitement, many in the room, especially the gamblers who are playing for play's sake and not for the money, are filled with something more material and marked in its effect. Absinthe is the usual liquid of these gamblers.

SUICIDE.

A writer tells of seeing a fair haired young Englishman, almost a boy in years, but ancient in experience of a not very elevating sort, spring up disgusted from the tables after a peculiarly exasperating streak of ill luck.

"What I need is tone," he muttered, and he straightway proceeded to furnish himself with the necessary "tone" by the very copious use of absinthe. He was quite reckless. He had lost over a year's allowance at the tables, was hopelessly involved in debt, and was very rapidly proceeding on the easy road to the dogs.

He drank absinthe all the afternoon.

Curiously enough, the tone he sought was not forthcoming.

The fact is, he died five hours after he quit the tables.

He had killed himself undoubtedly. He had mixed strychnine with his absinthe. He did not want it known after his death that he was a self murderer, so he ostentatiously drank huge quantities of absinthe all the afternoon, thinking that his death would be attributed to that cause.

It was—by his mother. "Absinthe, too rapid living, and heart disease superinduced by excessive excitement," said the nerveless doctor to his heart broken mother, who had instantly started from England for Monte Carlo on the news of her son's death.

The physician knew better.

But physicians at Monte Carlo have to lie so often that they get used to it.

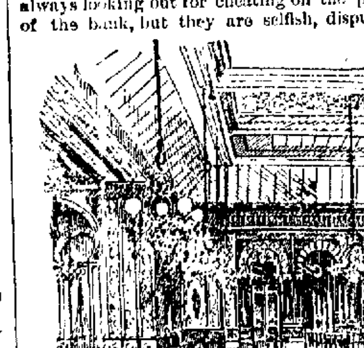
Few people die natural deaths at Monte Carlo.

Bless you, my boy, no.

The losers, that is those who are ruined, usually shoot themselves. Some prefer to depart this life by means of poison. There were eighty-seven suicides at Monte Carlo last season, a large proportion of whom were women.

WOMEN AT MONTE CARLO.

At least a fifth of the players at Monte Carlo are women. And eager gamesters they are. They are clever enough at play, and are always looking out for cheating on the part of the bank, but they are selfish, disputa-



SALON DE JEU.

tious and overbearing, and the croupiers do not like to deal with them. They are nearly all young—that is, the majority of them are under 30. Occasionally you will meet a delightfully wicked old English duchess at the tables, with wrinkled face and exceedingly palpable wig—but she is as eager and grasping at play as a young Frenchwoman sitting [illegible] the love of play as for the love of money, or which she is in constant but vain expectation of winning a fabulous amount.

You will meet many Americans at Monte Carlo, and they play constantly but cautiously.

They are not the Americans such as are described in the pages of English novels; that is, tall, peak faced, vulgar parvenues, with a goatee, a grotesque and impossible dialect, a constant quid of tobacco in their mouths, and a general manner of offensive arrogance.

There is no such American as this.

If there ever was the present writer is too young to remember the species.

On the contrary, the American men at Monte Carlo rather excel, if anything, the men of any other nation to be seen there. They are indisputably better dressed, are better mannered than the Englishmen, and far more manly than your bobbing Frenchmen. They are better looking, too, and infinitely more self possessed.

A BRILLIANT SEASON AHEAD.

This season at Monte Carlo promises to be the most brilliant in its history. The Prince of Wales, who has frequently broken the [illegible] Europe and America are constantly arriving. It is not only not considered disgraceful by the elite to spend the winter at Monte Carlo in gambling and doubtful amusements, but it is positively regarded as "the pwobpah thing, me boy." Even the most Puritanical people relax their stringency in regard to wintering at Monte Carlo, and your respectable beef eating, port drinking English father, no matter how fixed and stern most of his ideas about morals may be, will take his daughters there with as little thought or compunction as he would take them to the Lyceum in London.

Few people ever enrich themselves at Monte Carlo. Of course you will read in your paper occasionally that So-and-So broke the bank, but it is rare, and the only reason it is made so much of is because it is so rare. In roulette the chances are in favor of the bank, and this is so of all the games of Monte Carlo. And then it is pretty well known that there is cheating at Monte Carlo. The adage, "A man is a fool to steal for any one else," is probably true enough, but a croupier has not an abnormally developed sense of right and wrong, and would have little compunction in stealing if well paid for it.

There are instances, of course, of successful players carrying their money safely away, without again playing and losing it all. An American officer, on furlough, who had won almost $4,000, again lost it all, and determined to leave; he paid his bill at the hotel, packed up his things, and took his ticket. He had two hours to spare and a few louis in his pocket, so he went back to the tables. He left the room with $4,500, and caught his train.

The cuts in this article are redrawn from cuts published by The Cosmopolitan.

The Camera Caught Him.

A burglar entered a house at Waterford, Ireland, a couple of weeks ago, and after purloining everything he could find he prepared to remove a large photographic camera that was standing on a table. In some way he touched off a magnesium flash light attachment that was part of the machine, and fled precipitately when the thing flared up. The next day it was found that the camera had taken the photograph of the burglar. The negative was placed in the hands of the police, and by its aid they quickly nabbed their man. It showed the burglar with a jimmy in one hand and a box containing jewelry under his arm, while he carried a sack over his shoulder with valuable pieces of plate, books, etc., and was gazing at the flash light in open mouthed amazement.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

A traveler called at a hut in the vicinity of Denver, Colo., and requested some dinner. The lady, her spouse being absent, refused to supply his necessities for money or the love of humanity.

"Very well," said the hungry traveler as he turned his footsteps from the inhospitable abode, "you will want nothing to eat tomorrow."

"Why not?" inquired the woman.

"Because," answered the weary man, "the Indians are digging a tunnel at Devil's Bluff lake, and they are going to turn all the waters of the lake into the valley, and you and all the rest of the people are to be drowned."

Upon this intelligence the old lady hurried off to the priest to inform him that a flood was to overflow the valley, and to ask what was to be done in the sad emergency.

The priest endeavored to quiet her fears by telling her that God had promised that he should never send another flood upon the earth.

"But," exclaimed the affrighted woman, "it isn't God that's doing it—it's the cussed Indians."

"In that case," said the priest, "you'd better git." And she got.—Denver Tribune.

A jest that makes a virtuous woman only smile often frightens away a prude; but when real danger forces the former to flee the latter does not hesitate to advance.—Latena.

Samuel Wool, of Cooleyville, Ind., has a dog that beats anything on record. A hawk caught one of the hens and flew away with it. It got eight feet in the air, when the dog gave a jump and the hen got away all right, but the hawk is on exhibition.

Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Dec 3, 1888.

The biggest, brightest, fullest, best number of BOOK NEWS ever issued is the one for December, just out; 111 pages, and maybe fifty choice illustrations picked from new Holiday Books. If you care to know what the publishers have been doing for this Christmas season ask BOOK NEWS. The whole story is between its covers; a complete list, something of the scope and character of most of the books, and in every case the Wanamaker prices—always fair, and generally below anybody else's.

That's the Holiday side of BOOK NEWS; the other sides are there just as usual. We mean BOOK NEWS to be your quick and safe guide to everything that counts in the world of books or among book people. 50 cents a year. The mammoth Holiday number sent to any address for 5 cents.

Plaids are at their brightest. A wealth of them, as if every tartan possibility had been sun-stamped on these warm, soft wools. We don't pretend to count them. There's nothing short. Stripes and cluster stripes and broken stripes, prism tinted, crossed, criss-crossed and tangled. Nothing that seems dull or dead.

Let one of the quietest, simplest styles stand for all. A plaid camel hair, cut into half-inch squares by half-inch wide stripes both ways; and sprinkled with bright specks like buttercups in a June meadow. A first-class, good weight, 42-inch stuff. It has been $1.25, now 75c. Not a grain of reason for the drop—for the drop in dozens more dress stuffs—except that we don't wait until sundown of a season to do such things.

2 greens	olive
3 browns	plan.
gray	navy

There isn't in all the land such another gathering of rich Novelty Dress Suits. We hear it from all around. No odds whether the visitor is from about town or from New York or Chicago, or where not, that's the word we get.

Ribbon-striped Novelties, rich and exclusive.

Silk-corded Borders, in fairy-traced patterns.

[illegible] color-glimpses of the Orient.

You can put in half-an-hour among them and see a new delight between every breath.

More and more room for Handkerchiefs. It is always so this time of year. 84 feet of counters does very well for samples, but that's before the quick steps of the Holiday buying begins. There is now:

One long counter for Silk Handkerchiefs.
One long counter for Men's Linen Handkerchiefs.
Two long counters for Women's Linen Handkerchiefs.

The Linen is pure linen. We've said that time and again, but you can't hear it too often. It would be much easier for us to get cotton-and-linen, or all-cotton Handkerchiefs, just as most other stores do. It would be quite as easy to keep on in the common rut and call them "Linen." But we don't do things that way. Liner is Linen here, just as everything else in the store is exactly what we say it is.

The little Handkerchiefs for boys and girls are just as true flax as the big ones for bigger folks. You may have them

printed	revered
embroidered	scalloped
hemstitched	diced

or with fancy sewing.

Let one kind—Ladies' Embroidered White Linen Handkerchiefs—show how varieties run: One hundred and fifty-six distinct styles, 35c to $4 each. Everyone new this season. We never had anything approaching them for sorts. And we've made no count of the thicket of Women's White Linen handkerchiefs, embroidered or hemstitched, at 25c and under (a wonderfully good one at 12½c) or of the higher flight into white, lace edged goods up to $6 each.

Women's plain White Linen handkerchiefs, ¼, ½, 1, 1½, and 2 inch hems, $1 to $4.20 a dozen.

We believe our Women's 12½c white unlaundered Initial handkerchief the best for the money ever sold. Dimes do as much accordingly for you in another grade.

Misses' Handkerchiefs, scalloped, hemstitched, embroidered and printed, 10 to 35c.

Boys' Colored handkerchiefs, woven border, 5, 6, and 8c.

And so the story runs—but you haven't had half of it.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

CANADA'S GREAT RESERVE

THE RESOURCES AND CAPACITIES OF THE GREAT MACKENZIE BASIN.

The Area—River Navigation—Agricultural Possibilities—The Climate—Mineral Deposits—Forest Growth—Great Fur Preserve—Extensive Petroleum Field.

An inquiry has been instituted by the Canadian government into the resources and capacities of the immense area included in what may be regarded as the Great Mackenzie Basin, the region extending from the Saskatchewan to the Arctic shores and from Hudson's bay to the Rocky mountains.

The extent of the scope of the inquiry covers 1,260,000 square statute miles, which area includes none of the islands of the Arctic Archipelago. Its coast line on the Arctic ocean and Hudson's bay measures about 5,000 miles, which estimate does not include the coast lines of inlets or deeply indented bays. Over one-half of this coast line, the report assures us, is easily accessible to whaling and sealing craft. The navigable coast lines of the larger lakes of the region in question amount to about 4,000 miles, while its total lacustrine area probably exceeds that of the Eastern Canadian American chain of great lakes. There is a river navigation of about 2,750 miles, of which 1,390 miles is suitable for stern wheel steamers, which, with their barges, may carry 300 tons, the remaining 1,360 miles being deep enough for light draught sea going steamers. There is a total of about 6,500 miles of continuous lake coast and river navigation, broken only in two places.

Within the scope of the committee's inquiry there is a possible area, it is stated, of 650,000 square miles fitted for the growth of potatoes, 407,000 square miles suitable for barley, and 310,000 square miles suitable for wheat. There is a pastoral area of 860,000 square miles, 26,000 miles of which is open prairie with occasional groves, the remainder being more or less wooded; 274,000 square miles, including the prairie, may be considered as arable land. About 400,000 square miles of the total is useless for the pasturage of domestic animals or for cultivation. This area comprises the barren grounds and a portion of the lightly wooded region to their south and west.

Throughout this arable and pastoral area latitude bears no direct relation to summer isotherms, the spring flowers and the buds of deciduous trees appearing as early north of Great Slave lake as at Winnipeg, St. Paul and Minneapolis, Kingston or Ottawa, and earlier along the Peace, Liard and some minor western affluents of the Great Mackenzie river, where the climate resembles that of western Ontario. The native grasses and vetches are equal and in some districts superior to those of eastern Canada. The prevailing southwest summer winds of the country in question bring the warmth and moisture which render possible the far northern cereal growth, and sensibly affect the climate of the region under consideration as far north as the Arctic circle and as far east as the eastern rim of the Mackenzie basin.

The forest area has upon it a growth of trees well suited for all purposes of house and ship building, for mining, railway and bridging purposes, far in excess of its own needs, and of great prospective value to the treeless regions of Canada and the United States to the south, the growth on the Laurentian formation being scant; but the alluvial portion has upon it (on the river of its name and elsewhere) the "Liard," a balsam poplar, sometimes called Balm of Gilead or rough bark poplar, 120 feet high, with a stump diameter of 5 feet to 6 feet, the white spruce, 150 feet high, with a stump diameter of 4 feet to 5 feet; the larch of about the same size, and the banksian pine, whose straight stem is often 100 feet long, with only 2 feet of diameter at the stump.

Of the mines of this vast region little is known. Gold has been found on the west shore of Hudson's bay, and has been said to exist in certain portions of the barren grounds. Silver, on the Upper Liard and Peace rivers, copper, upon the Coppermine river, iron, graphite, ocher, brick and pottery clays, mica, gypsum, lime and sandstone, area is so extensive as to justify the belief that eventually it will supply the larger part of this continent and be shipped from Churchill or some more northern Hudson's bay port to England.

Salt and sulphur deposits are less extensive, but the former is found in crystals equal in purity to the best rock salt, and in highly saline springs, while the latter is found in the form of pyrites; and the fact that these petroleum and salt deposits occur mainly near the line of division between deep water navigation and that fitted for lighter craft, gives them a possible great commercial value. The extensive coal and lignite deposits of the Lower Mackenzie and elsewhere will be found to be of great value when the questions of reducing its iron ores and the transportation of the products of this vast region have to be solved by steam sea going or lighter river craft.

The chief present commercial product of the country is its furs, which, as the region in question is the last great fur preserve of the world, are of very great present and prospective value, all the finer furs of commerce being there found, and the sales in London yearly amounting to several millions of dollars.

The evidence submitted to the committee points to the existence in the Athabasca and Mackenzie valleys of the most extensive petroleum field in America, if not in the world. The uses of petroleum, and consequently the demand for it by all nations, are increasing at such a rapid ratio that it is probable this great petroleum field will assume an enormous value in the near future.—London Times.

A man at Laramie laughed at an Indian who slipped down on the street five years ago, and the other day the red man came around and stabbed him in the back as a reward.

SEED.

A wonderful thing is a seed—
The one thing deathless forever!
The one thing changeless, utterly true—
Forever old, and forever new,
And fickle and faithless never.

Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom;
Plant hate, and hate will grow;
You can sow today—to-morrow shall bring
The blossom that proves what sort of a thing
Is the seed, the seed that you sow.
—The Churchman.

"First Day" in a Country School.

"Please remove your hats," she said. Each of the smaller boys turned toward the largest and first comer, and, upon seeing him take off his "flop" hat, they very properly removed their own head coverings. Six mops of light hair were revealed, and the row of white heads sat and looked fixedly and solemnly at the teacher. The oldest boy presently shifted his position and glanced inquiringly about the room, and the smaller white heads also shifted their positions and rolled their pale eyes about the room with questioning glances. With a beck, Ivy called the largest size of the assortment up before her, and the rest of the white headed band rose promptly and "lined up" beside their brother. He turned a stern face toward them. "Set down and stay thar!" he commanded, and, without a murmur, they returned to the bench, and gazed at the teacher and the boy in much the same manner as if they had expected to see the latter instantly torn to pieces by the former.

*Strains and external injuries are the chief causes of weak ankles and joints. By the free use of Salvation Oil a cure will be effected in a short time.

"And there was a mask ball that night," yes, and they kept it up pretty lively until morning. You see they weren't afraid of the early frost—knowing that all the druggists keep supplied with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the old reliable standby.

West Chester, this state, has a class of about thirty persons studying the doctrine of "faith cure."

December 9th will be "Charles Wesley Sunday" among Methodists throughout the world. Wesley died 100 years ago.

Miscellaneous

What is Catarrh

Catarrh is an inflammation of the mucous membranes, and may affect the head, throat, stomach, bowels or bladder. But catarrh of the head is the most common, often coming on so gradually that it has a firm hold before the nature of the trouble is suspected. Catarrh is caused by a cold, or succession of colds, combined with

Impure Blood

Its local symptoms are a sense of fullness and heat in the forehead, dryness in the nose and back part of the throat, and a disagreeable discharge from the nose. When the disease becomes chronic it is liable to develop into consumption. The eyes become inflamed and red, there is throbbing in the temples, ringing noises in the ears, headache, and sometimes loss of sense of smell and hearing.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the true remedy for catarrh. It attacks the source of the disease by purifying and enriching the blood, which, as it reaches the delicate passages of the mucous membrane, soothes and rebuilds the tissues, and ultimately cures the affection. At the same time Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the whole system and makes one feel as if made anew.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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DR. HUMPHREYS' BOOK
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144 Pages, with Steel Engraving,
MAILED FREE.
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No.	CURES	PRICE.
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2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic..	.25
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5	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic....	.25
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12	Whites, too Profuse Periods..........	.25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing....	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions..	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains......	.25
16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria......	.50
17	Piles, Blind or Bleeding.............	.50
19	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head	.50
20	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs..	.50
24	General Debility, Physical Weakness	.50
27	Kidney Disease......................	.50
28	Nervous Debility......................	1.00
30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed...	.50
32	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation..	1.00

SPECIFICS.

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO. 100 Fulton St. N.Y.

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New York Wall Paper Store.

A full line of Wall Papers and Window Shades, newest and handsomest designs. Painting, Glazing, Graining, and Kalsomining, Graining and Paper Hanging a specialty. A nice line of fine goods for special use. No. 18 Mill Street.

ALBERT F. YEUTTER,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Radcliffe street near Market,

BRISTOL, PA.

A well selected stock of piece goods on hand which will be made up to suit customers. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Stradling & Guyon,

GENERAL HOUSE PAINTERS,

—AND—

Washington street, next School House, Bristol

R. BUSEMAN,

BREAD AND FANCY CAKE BAKERY

AND ICE CREAM SALOON,

Bath and Otter Streets, Bristol.

Weddings and Parties Supplied at Short Notice.

1889.

Harper's Bazar.

ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S BAZAR will continue to maintain its reputation as an unequalled family journal. Its art illustrations are of the highest order, its literature is of the choicest kind, and its Fashion and Household departments of the most practical and economical character. Its pattern-sheet supplements and fashion-plates alone will save its readers ten times the cost of subscription, and its articles on decorative art, social etiquette, housekeeping, cookery, etc., make it indispensable to every household. Its bright, short stories, and timely essays, are among the best published; and not a line is admitted to its columns that could offend the most fastidious taste. Among the attractions of the new volume will be the serial stories by Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett, Mrs. Alexander, William Black, and Thomas Hardy, and a series of papers on nursery management, by Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE..................	4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY.....................	4 00
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Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, or Mexico.

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Bound Volumes of HARPER'S BAZAR for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for $7 00 per volume.

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COLUMBIA.

On and after Monday, November 12th, the Steamer Columbia will make but one trip between Bristol and Philadelphia, leaving Bristol at 7.30 a. m. Returning, will leave Chestnut street wharf, Philadelphia, at 2 o'clock p. m. Fare 25 cents; Excursion, 40 cents.

CANCER.

"A New Cure comes from China. Queen's Hospital and London Cancer Hospital report cures.—N. Y. Express. Endorsed by Medical Journals. Cure guaranteed. Circulars **Free**. GUN WA CO., Box 42, Pueblo, Colorado.

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236-page Pamphlet, 30c.

Bristol Advertisements

SHOES! SHOES!

STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

A large stock of Gents', Boys', Youths', Ladies' Misses' and Children's Fall and Winter Shoes. I have taken great pains to select the best styles and quality, at lowest prices.

Gents' Shoes.

A good sewed shoe, Lace, Button or Congress, for $2.00.
A fine Calf Shoe, Lace or Congress, $2.50, 3 00, 3.50, and 4.00.
Extra fine calf hand sewed Common Sense, $5.00.
Policemen's Shoes, $2.50.

Boys' Shoes.

Boys' stylish calf shoes, Lace and Button, sizes 2½ to 5½, $1.75, 2 00, 2.50 and 3.00.

Youths' Shoes.

Youths' Calf, Lace or Button, sizes 11 to 2—$1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 2 00 and 2 25.

Ladies' Shoes.

Ladies' Fine Kid, round or common sense toe, worked button-holes, $1.75 and 2.00.
Old Ladies' Kid Lace shoes, $2.00 and 2 50.
Oil Pebble Button shoes, 1 25, 1 50, 2 00, 2 50.
Best Dongola Kid, round, square and common sense toe, $3.25 and 3.50.
Finest Paris Kid, hand-sewed, $4.00 and 5.00.
Handsome straight grain foxed, Kangaroo top, hand-sewed, $5 00.
Genuine cork sole and water-proof lining hand-sewed, $5.50.
A splendid line of French Calf, Button and Lace, $6.00 and 7.00.

Misses' Shoes.

Misses' Pebble Shoes, heels and springs, sizes 11 to 2, $1.25.
Misses' Fine Kid, high cut, heels and springs, $1.50, 1.75 and 2 00.
Misses' Calf foxed shoes, wedge heels, $2.50.
Misses' straight grain shoes, heels and springs, $2.50.
Misses' fine high cut Lace, $2.00.

Children's Shoes.

Child's Kid and Pebble, heels or springs, sizes 8 to 10½, worked button-holes, $1.00, 1.25, 1.50 and 1.75.
Child's straight grain, spring heels, $2 00.
Child's Calf foxed, spring heels, $2.00.
Child's straight grain, spring heels, sizes 4 to 8, $1.50.
Child's Kid and Pebble, spring heels, sizes 1 to 8, 75c, 90c, $1.00, 1.25 and 1.50.
Infants' Shoes, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and 1.25.

MEN'S BOOTS—$2.50, 3.00 and 3.50.
RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES.—Measures taken.

Remember we have no old stock. Call and see for yourself, at

T. A. FARLEY'S,
No. 3, Bath Street, Bristol.

T. W. & C. J. Patton,

Wholesale and retail dealer in

BEST BRANDS OF

Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, &c.

No. 6 Mill St., Bristol, Pa.,

We are in receipt of the following brands of cigars from our factory, 510 1st district: "CIGARROS", guaranteed full Havana filler, Sumatra wrapper.

Specialties of P. LORRILARD & CO'S, WILSON & McCULLAY'S, BUCHANAN & LYALL'S Plug and Cut Tobaccos.

NORTH STAR,

And other brands of superior, Cut Tobaccos on hand in large quantities.

"THE ORIGINAL BRISTOL BOY," The leading straight 5 cent cigar in the market. "THE CAPTAIN." The same price and equally good in quality. "DELICIOSOS," Seed and Havana, Connecticut binder, and Sumatra wrapper. Give the above brands a trial. Guaranteed to be as represented or no sale. Give them a trial and you will always buy.

Prices guaranteed to compete with any wholesale house in Philadelphia or New York. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

HOGUET'S

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

Pioneer Drug Store!

Nos. 13 & 15 Mill (Main) Street, Bristol Pa.

[illegible]

By the present proprietor.

A large stock of first class

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Toilet Articles Soaps, Brushes, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, Sponges, Chamois Skins, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Diamond Dyes, &c.

Also SPICES of all kinds, WARRANTED PURE, at low prices.

Physicians' Prescriptions Accurately Compounded.

L. A. HOGUET
Druggist and Pharmacist

To the Citizens of Bristol—

HAVING OPENED A

Stove & Tin Store,

COR. MILL AND POND STS.,

You will find there all kinds of

House Furnishing Goods,

—INCLUDING—

TINWARE of all kinds, Dairy-ware, Agate-ware.

Tin Roofing and Spouting

Promptly attended to, and executed in the neatest manner, with the best materials.

Plumbing and Gas Pipe Fitting

In all its branches. All kinds of repair work, pertaining to Heaters, Stoves, Wash Paves, Tinware, etc., at short notice.
Water and Steam Pipes repaired.
Milk Cans made to order.
Estimates cheerfully furnished to contractors, at

LIPPINCOTT'S.

READ THIS!

Upper Lehigh

—AND—

Lattimer

COAL

Of all sizes and best qualities.

Dry Kindling Wood,

HARD AND SOFT,

$2.00 Cart-load.

C. W. PEIRCE,

Cor. Washington and Canal streets.
BRISTOL, PA.,
Near the Rolling Mill.

Miscellaneous

EVERY DEPARTMENT IN THE HOUSE IS NOW FULLY EQUIPPED FOR BUSINESS

as never before in all our experience; and in a manner, we have reason to believe, at least unsurpassed by any dry goods house in any American city.

The great enlargement of our store space during the past eighteen months, has enabled us to make and gradually perfect arrangements for the convenience and comfort of our patrons which were not possible before, and the throngs which formerly overcrowded us have now ample space in all departments, and are promptly served with comfort to themselves and almost to our own satisfaction.

With our present superb equipment we do not hesitate to extend a cordial invitation to the people, far and wide, to visit us from now until Christmas, and share in the undoubted advantages which our abundant but ever increasing facilities enable us to extend to the patrons of our house, now numbered in every State and Territory of the Union.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,

Eighth and Market Sts.,

PHILADELPHIA.

DeWitt Brothers.

Buy where you can get the most for your money.

We respectfully invite EVERYBODY who purchase

Flowers

To examine our STOCK and PRICES, then look elsewhere, and buy where you can get the best Plants for the least money. All kinds of Fresh Vegetables in their season.

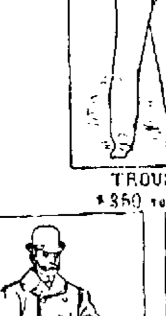
The best selecttions can be made at

DeWITT BROTHERS' Green Houses,

POND STREET, BRISTOL.

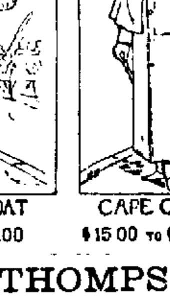
BUSINESS SUITS $13.50 to $25.00

OVERCOATS $10.00 to $35.00



TROUSERS $3.50 to $8.50

ULSTER COAT $12.00 to $35.00



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Of the best quality carefully adjusted and fitted by skilled assistants, to suit the various defects of vision.

All the latest improvements, cork bridges and nose pieces.

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Incubator Thermometers.

Thermometers of all kinds. Catalogues on application.

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OPTICIAN.

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YOUNG'S DRUG STORE.

55 Bath St., Bristol, Pa.

We have on hand a large & well selected stock of

Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,

Perfumery & Toilet Articles,

White Lead, Oils & Varnishes.

Agent for the sale of Nice & Raw's

Ready Mixed Paints.

These Paints are guaranteed to be the best in this market.

We give personal attention to the compounding of Physician's Prescriptions, at all hours, day or night, and guarantee PURITY and ACCURACY always.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

BRISTOL, PA., Nov. 6, 1888.

The Board of Directors have this day declared a dividend of EIGHT PER CENT., payable on demand, clear of all taxes.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier

THE WEEKLY PRESS.

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A Pure and Purposeful Home Paper.

A NEWS PAPER.

With every modern facility for obtaining the latest news. Perfectly equipped in mail, telegraph, telephones and cable service. Correspondents, local, national and foreign. Special dispatches from all important points.

A REPUBLICAN PAPER,

Whose trained editors present the varying phases of politics with such clearness and fairness as to give practical aid to all voters.

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Which devotes special attention to the hitherto unpublished events of the great civil war. These war papers, written by Union and Confederate officers who saw what they tell, form an invaluable war library.

A LITERARY PAPER,

Giving every week the brightest and best selections from recent poetry, and entertaining healthful stories by eminent writers.

A FARMERS' PAPER,

Having the best conducted agricultural page in America, where are gathered the views of progressive farmers and gardeners the country over, upon all questions of crops, fruit, cattle, poultry, farm buildings, etc.

A MERCHANT'S PAPER,

Giving full reports from the Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, and other city markets. Prices and shipments of grain, live stock, provisions, groceries and country produce.

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Extending a helping hand to all women. To them is devoted a full page in which they show each other, under editorial guidance, "how to get married, and how to keep house," in the most approved fashion. For those who are forced to remain single and board, the way is made pleasant. Every woman reader has a chance to talk.

A CHILDREN'S PAPER,

With Winter games and entertainment for little people. Instruction in the ways of making things and doing things. Summer excursions to the fields and woods. Puzzles for the quick witted, and plenty of prizes to make the slow-witted quick.

Important Clubbing Arrangement

By special arrangement with all the leading weekly and monthly periodicals of America, subscriptions are taken for any one or more of these journals in connection with the WEEKLY PRESS at such low rates as virtually makes our great family paper FREE to the subscriber for one year.

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PROVISIONS, FLOUR, TEAS, COFFEES AND SPICES.

Corner of Pond & Penn Streets,
BRISTOL, PA

NewspaperARCHIVE®

NewspaperARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1888.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE

Council meets next Monday evening

Mrs Joseph S Peirce is visiting friends in Baltimore Md

The Bristol Gas Co is legislating to put on the bright nightly

Alexander Kerr formerly of Bristol, was married last day

Persimmons and persimmon pickers have been out in force this week

Seventeen persons united with the Presbyterian Church last Sunday

The holiday number of the Bristol Gazette will appear on the 12th instant

Miss Rebecca Stokes is paying a visit to Mr and Mrs Hiram Pierce at Pittsburg Pa

David Pearson of the Gazette spent several days in Bristol last week visiting Cyrus Pierce

The water will be let out of the Delaware division of the Lehigh Canal on the 20th inst

Dr Elizabeth Peck formerly a teacher in Miss McManus school here spent Thanksgiving day in Bristol

Richard H Morris and Isaac I Pennington came to Bristol from school to spend the Thanksgiving day here.

The first meeting of the season of the Shakespere Club takes place this evening at the residence of A Weir Gilkeson

The ladies of the W C T U give a supper this evening at the late residence of Captain J Conover Radcliffe street.

The Gazette job office is turning out any quantity of job work these days The greater the rush the happier we feel

Miss Nellie Kershaw, of Germantown spent several days in Bristol last week the guest of Mr and Mrs Wm C Peirce

Charles Spencer, who tapped the till of Edward Leonard & Son last October received a sentence of two years in the county jail

— The William Penn Library has been at Edwin S Stuart proprietor of Farrs Old Book Store Philadelphia was the purchaser

— Ernest Lawrence has made the property known as the Cold Spring Mansion, to Mrs Margaret M Mead of Camden N J, for a house in Camden

— The garbage in the borough is now collected that once a week On Mondays it is taken away in the First and Second wards and on Saturdays in the Third ward

— Mrs Howard Darlington of Newark Del Co, who was called to Bristol on account of the illness of her mother Mrs Sarah Townsend returned home yesterday

— An inquest on the body of the unknown man killed by a train near Schenck's station was held by Coroner Silbert yesterday A verdict of accidentally killed was rendered

— A Colored Life, a drama of frontier life, will be presented at the Opera Hou on next Monday and Tuesday evenings This play was presented here last year and was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience then present

—Manton Crouse who while intoxicated, stabbed Patrick Patton in the breast with a pen knife was found guilty last Monday of aggravated assault and battery and was sentenced to undergo imprisonment for eight months in the county jail

—Mrs J K Barney of Providence R I delivered a lecture at the Presbyterian church on Tuesday evening in the interest of the temperance cause Mrs Barney is an eloquent speaker and is the National Representative of the W C T U in the department of prison work

—Thomas W Patton, proprietor of the Bristol House had to go to Doylestown the other day being charged by Edward Farrell with selling liquor to minors After hearing the testimony brought before them the Grand Jury ignored the bill, and the costs, amounting to about $80 fell upon Farrell to pay

— The oldest student in Princeton College, and possibly in any college in the United States is a Mr Chapman He is studying for the ministry in the college seminary, and is 72 years old It is said that Prof Green advised Mr Chapman not to return to college this year, but the old student insisted upon coming as this year would finish his course

—On next Monday evening Mr Crowther, of Philadelphia will give a Sleight-of Hand performance in St James Chapel for the entertainment of the members of the parish The public in general are also invited, an admission fee of ten cents being charged All members of societies belonging to St James will be furnished tickets without charge by the officers of their societies

—The entertainment given at the Opera House last night by Bristol Lodge Order of Tonti was greeted by a mammoth audience The house was filled to overflowing The Philadelphia Quartette Club was one of the best that ever sang in Bristol The other portions of the entertainment were also of a high order The addresses relative to the objects and character of the Order of Tonti were listened to with attention, and the whole entertainment was a success

—Yesterday evening about five o'clock two freight trains collided at South Bristol, the engine of the rear train striking the caboose of the one in front, knocking that on top of the freight car next to it This car was badly shattered, and was loaded with ranges which were scattered over the track in generous profusion The boys in the neighborhood soon became cognizant of the fact that tropical fruit could be had without asking for it, and enjoyed a feast for a while

—The twenty second annual meeting of the Bristol Building Association was held on last Monday evening From the Secretary's report we glean the following items of interest to members of the association The assets amount to $50 763 71 Stock in the fifth series is worth $184 08, in the sixth $88 84, in the seventh $67 14, in the eighth $38 71, and in the ninth $20 16 During the year loans amounting to $8 800 were made and $3 800 matured stock paid off There was withdrawn stock to the value of $4 649 51 The present rate of earning is 7½ per cent and the average monthly premium was 19 cents The board of directors remains the same as last year Dr. Wm. B. Baker is president; A Weir Gilkeson, secretary, and Charles E. Scott, treasurer. The secretary's salary was increased to $200.

A HISTORY OF BRISTOL'S PHYSICIANS

BY WILLIAM KINSEY

Concluded

Dr Benjamin Tomlinson was a son of Henry Tomlinson an old resident of Bristol He studied medicine with Dr John Phillips in 1823 graduated with distinguished honor remained in Bristol a year and then removed to South Amboy, N J, where he became noted for his success in the treatment of malignant fevers He died in 1835 greatly and deservedly lamented

Dr Reynell Coates came to Bristol from Philadelphia in the year 1838 He was a younger brother of the celebrated Dr Coates who was for many years connected with the Pennsylvania Hospital He was an educated and refined man with a pleasant and agreeable manner but did not succeed in his practice His wife was a daughter of a Philadelphia merchant and spent much money on her education She was gay and giddy and wished to live when in Bristol to appear on the street in Bloomer costume Being short in stature she did not make a favorable appearance and was severely criticised by the women of the borough Some said she must be fond of showing her extremities and others that she wanted to attract the attention of the men, of whom she was very fond The Doctor finding his practice decreasing moved to Camden where he succeeded in obtaining a large and lucrative business His wife died shortly after leaving Bristol

Dr I B Dobson came to Bristol in the year 1840 from Philadelphia He graduated at the University of Pennsylvania was well educated in the science of medicine, and was successful in treating his patients but not succeeding financially he returned to Philadelphia where he died in 1861

Dr I V Roussean came to Bristol in the year 1848 from Bridgewater Bensalem township He was the son of the celebrated French physician Joseph B Rousseau of Philadelphia, who studied medicine and graduated in France practiced some time in San Domingo, and removed to Philadelphia where he became noted for his success in his treatment of extreme cases He owned and occupied a beautiful residence in Bensalem township, on the banks of the Delaware known as the Clock House, in which he kept a light burning at night to warn watermen of the rocks located in the river in front of his house He was much esteemed by his neighbors Dr I V Rousseau studied medicine with his father and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania He was a man of excellent education and agreeable manner and had an extensive practice in medicine and surgery in which he was very successful in his treatment He married the grand daughter of Captain John Green who lived in Bristol township, on the banks of the Neshaminy and who was captain of the first ship that carried the American flag to China The Doctor had the confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens in matters pertaining to every day life He built the beautiful residence at the corner of Cedar and Mulberry streets He died in 1876 having attained twenty eight years in Bristol His great success was in the treatment of typhoid fever—said in using calomel He was a prominent member of Bristol Lodge, No 25 I O O F having passed the chairs with honor, and advanced in the higher degrees

Dr Joseph Pierce came to Bristol from Philadelphia in 1846 He was a young man well educated a descendant of a wealthy family in the city who spent their summers in Bristol, which place was thought by his friends to be a good place to commence his medical labors In But alas! all their hopes were blighted by his sudden death, which was the result of an imprudent act on his part One very warm day, while suffering from the heat he went into the cellar to cool off—was struck with a chill, and died the next day

There was a Dr Hagerman and a Dr Brent who came to Bristol between the years 1830 and 1840 neither of whom remained long enough to establish a medical reputation From whence they came or whither they went I am unable to say

Dr Augustus Guernsey came to Bristol about the year 1838 He was from Savannah, Georgia, attended lectures and graduated in Philadelphia He was associated in practice with Dr John Phillips for several years, and was considered a safe and reliable physician. He married the daughter of David Swain, an old and much respected citizen of Bristol He built the house now owned and occupied by Mrs Clemens on Radcliffe street and resided there at the time of his death, which took place in 1859 He was a good citizen and a worthy man

Dr Benjamin Malone came to Bristol from Buckingham, in 1845 He practiced until 1849, when he was elected to the State Senate for three years After the expiration of his term he removed to Philadelphia and died there During his stay in Bristol he made many friends, was generally successful in practice, which, though not large was amongst the best families in the borough As a citizen, he was active in all movements for the prosperity of the borough and the elevation of human character During the rebellion he received the appointment of purser in the navy, which he held during the war His failing health was the cause of his giving up practice

Dr E B Buckman came to Bristol in 1849 and purchased the practice of Dr Malone He remained till 1856, when he removed to Byberry, and from there to Philadelphia In 1863 he was professionally in the military service, on the field and in charge of hospitals until the close of the war after which he resumed practice in Philadelphia, where he became prominent as Professor in Surgery and Physiology in the Philadelphia University, subsequently a Professor of Physiology in the Penn Medical University During his residence in Bristol he made many friends His practice was principally amongst the Society of Friends, of which he was a member

Dr Wm Phillips came from Lawrenceville, N J, studied medicine with Dr John Phillips, graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1844, married the daughter of Dr. Phillips, and commenced to practice with him He was a young man of talent, integrity and zeal, his useful life was of short duration He died in 1851 greatly and deservedly lamented He built and occupied the house now the residence of Dr E J Green, on Mill street

Dr Henry Dorrance came to Bristol in 1850 from Philadelphia, remained two years, removed to Burlington, N J, remained but a short time, and returned to the city He was a young man of talent, well educated, prepossessing and gentlemanly in his intercourse with the people The community being so well supplied with older physicians, but little opportunity was offered to test his medical skill.

Dr James L Peirce was the son of Cyrus Peirce, an old and much respected citizen of Bristol He commenced practice in 1854, was a young man of talent, excellent education and agreeable manners He married the daughter of Garrett and Lydia Lukens, of Bristol and was distinguished for his integrity and zeal in his profession, was greatly confided in by his fellow citizens and was securing a fine practice, when he fell a victim to that fell destroyer, consumption, and died in the prime of life greatly and deservedly lamented

In speaking of the local history of our physicians and the character of their practice in by gone days there is one change which has given a large and profitable business to the fraternity I refer to that of male attendance in cases of child birth Previous to 1800 such a thing was unknown We are informed by history that in yo olden times there were ladies who would have resisted the approach of a man midwife in such cases unless in the extremities of death My ancestor Dorcas Mary Cornell, who died in 1811—it was said of her that she was a successful midwife and had attended hundreds of cases with almost universal success She was a relative of Bristol, a lady of culture and refinement and had an extensive practice frequently being called to Trenton and Burlington N J and surrounding places After her death there was none to fill her place, and the mothers had to submit to the services of a man midwife, which soon became universal

Amongst the noted persons who studied medicine in Bristol was Mrs James Anderson, who came from Connecticut in 1827 to take charge of the female department of the common school Her maiden name was Anna Smith She was a young lady of fine education and a successful teacher She married James Anderson, Principal of the grammar department of the school They were the first teachers in the public school She graduated about the year 1850, remained in Bristol some time was successful in the treatment of her cases and now resides in Lahaway N J Query—Was she the first lady who graduated in medicine in Bucks county?

Bristol has been the resort of many eminent men in the medical profession who spent their summers in the borough for the benefit derived from the use of its mineral waters Among the number I remember the names of Dr Mead, of Philadelphia who brought with him a fine span of horses and an elegant barouche He boarded at the Delaware House which in that day was considered the best hotel between Philadelphia and New York, Dr Pollock who came from North Carolina who was the owner of a large cotton plantation and had many slaves, one of which always accompanied him on his journeys Dr Prettman from South Carolina with his wife and daughter, who always traveled in his own conveyance Dr Wynn and his son, of New York boarded at the Cross Keys they both fell victims to death from indigestion I bought on by partaking of large quantities of huckleberries and cream of which they were very fond, just before going to bed The father was found dead in bed and the son died the next day Dr Gill a French surgeon in Bonaparte's army who was with him in his campaign in Egypt, after Bonaparte's downfall came to America and married the daughter of a Philadelphia merchant named Fricke He bought the Bath Springs and moved to Bristol in 1820 and remained several years when he sold the property and returned to Philadelphia During his stay here he was frequently called upon to consult with the physicians of the borough in surgical cases Dr James de Normandie son of Dr John, moved to Bristol remained two years and then removed to Ohio Dr James married a daughter of M Yardley settled in Falls township and had a very fine practice

Among the noted men born in Bristol was the celebrated Dr Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia who wrote an interesting article on the medicinal properties of the mineral waters at Bath Springs in 1770 which was published in the Philadelphia papers of that period

In olden times at the commencement of the lectures in the University of Pennsylvania, there would be great fear on the part of the people that their dead would be stolen from their graves to supply the students with subjects for dissection Many persons employed men to watch the graves of their relatives to prevent desecration by the body-snatchers A wag wrote the following lines and posted them on the gate at the entrance of one of the graveyards in Philadelphia, which caused much excitement on the part of the incredulous

The Body Snatchers have come
And made a snatch at me
It's very hard these kind of men
Won't let a body be
Don't go to weep upon my grave
And think that there I be,
They haven't left an atom there
Of my anatomy

MORE PENSIONS AND BOUNTY —A gentleman representing Milo B Stevens & Co, of Washington, D C, can be seen during the day and evening at the Montgomery House, Conshohocken, Thursday Dec 13, Closson House Bristol Friday, Dec 14, and at the Bingham House, Philadelphia, Saturday, Monday and Tuesday Dec 15, 17 and 18 by persons desiring information concerning pensions bounties etc or having claims which they desire to have presented by said attorneys The present Congress has enacted several new laws, besides extending several old laws

*Now is the time to take your pictures to the Ark and have them framed It is the cheapest place

SOAP FAT —Jeremiah Kelley has gone into the soap manufacturing business Persons having soap fat can find a purchaser by notifying him

—Look out for the Holiday goods at Bloomsburg's store

—All kinds of nuts and fruits at Bloomsburg's

—Mince meat, table raisins, etc, at Bloomsburg's

—All kinds of canned goods, dried fruits, etc, at Bloomsburg's

—Fresh candies, American and French mixtures, at Bloomsburg's

—Hams, shoulders, breakfast bacon, bologna sausage, dried beef, side pork, etc, at Bloomsburg's.

The Pennsylvania road is already making preparations for the Inauguration day rush It will take about all the cars that can be gathered together to accommodate the crowd and it is no easy task to keep the regular trains moving schedule time and provide for the extras that will necessarily have to follow.

Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil—very palatable—75 cents a pint, at Dr Pursell's Drug Store

Wooden tooth-picks—2500 for 5 cents, at Dr Pursell's Drug Store

A Great Misfortune.

The heavy rains this fall have totally ruined crops in some localities, and its effect is now being seen in diseases among farm animals Almost every day cases of roup, swelled head and a distemper very disastrous among poultry are reported A part of this is also due to improper feeding Many persons think as soon as cold weather comes on, they must begin to feed heating food to their hens like corn meal, &c The result of this course is if they do not break down from the disease prevalent, they soon get very fat, look fine and people wonder why they do not lay. You can not make a hen lay when everything you give her is being transformed into fat, and laying the foundation of diseases same as with an over fed children person. Alfred T. Johnson, Hampton, N.H., says, "last fall I had 80 fine looking hens, which began to droop and die, I changed their food and began using Sheridan's Powder, in three weeks they were nearly well, and had increased the eggs sixteen a day. I have bought six cans of it, as a preventive of diseases the coming winter It can't be beat, for that large can saved me $40 last year" Mrs E. B Carlin, Conklin Centre, N. Y., says, "I have used Sheridan's Powder to make hens lay for three years I know it also keeps them healthy for I rarely lose one now My neighbors are getting interested in Sheridan's Powder, but they do not use half enough, one or two small packs is not a fair test I will send soon for six cans, as I get it cheaper. During an eight weeks trial, using Sheridan's Powder, I got from 40 hens, 1707 eggs"

I S Johnson & Co, 22 Custom House St, Boston, Mass, (the only makers of Sheridan's condition Powder to make hens lay) will send, postpaid to any person, two 25 cent packs of powder, and a new Poultry Raising Guide, for 60 cents The book alone costs 25 cents For $1 00 five packs of powder and a book for $1 20 a large 2½ pound can and book, six cans for $5 00, express prepaid Send stamps or cash. Interesting testimonials sent free

—It is fact not generally known that calithumpian serenades are against the law in Pennsylvania. New groomsmen are in favor of a more rigid enforcement of the law.

*If you intend to travel either for pleasure or profit protect yourself against the change of diet and water, by having with you Laxador, great regulator, and using it in time to prevent the disorders usually resulting from such changes.

Kindness, if nothing stronger, should induce any one to use Dr Bull's Baby Syrup for the relief of the diseases babies are subject to. Price 25 cents

"My Wife Is a Terror!"

said a mild tempered man in our hearing She snaps and snarls, spanks her children, and finds fault continually I can't bear it any longer. "Don't be too severe on her, my friend, you little realize her sufferings. She has lost her former sweet disposition, and ill health is the cause Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will make her well. For female diseases, functional derangment, bearing-down pains, and the list of ills that render women miserable, no medicine can compare with this. It is the only medicine for woman's peculiar weakness and ailments, sold by all druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded See guarantee printed on bottle wrapper.

For all derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels, take Dr Pierce's Pellets, or Anti bilious Granules

—The Art Amateur for December is the finest number ever published of this excellent art magazine Two charming colored plates are given—a woodland winter landscape with a man and dog trudging homeward just as the sun has set, and "Hearts are Trumps" a dainty young woman man evening dress of blue tulle, playing cards The black-and white design include a beautiful female head for plaque decoration, a large and striking design for a carved panel, an orchid decoration for a plate, a Royal Worcester vase decoration a charming figure design "The Music Lesson"—after Watteau, for tapestry painting, and fine embroidery design for a cushion and a piano stool Articles of especial interest are those on a "Model New York Home" (richly illustrated) Louis Quinze decoration, art work in jade, gifts in painted china and photogra hy receives much attention and the various editorial departments are vigorously maintained. It is a marvel that so much can be given for the small sum of 35 cents. Montague Marks, publisher, 23 Union Square, New York

*THE ONLY PERFECT REMEDY—For habitual constipation, dyspepsia, and kindred ills is the famous California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs. It strengthens as well as cleanses the system, it is easily taken and perfectly harmless John K. Young, 55 Bath street, agent for Bristol.

—The Doylestown Democrat asserts that Col. Thomas F. Miller, Col. Joseph Barbiere, James W Bartlett, George E Donaldson, Sr., and Alfred S Godshalk are aspirants for the post-office at that place at the advent of the new administration, to succeed the present incumbent, John G. Randall The same paper also announces that Col Miller would like to be Deputy Internal Revenue Collector in place of Oliver G Morris, of Line Lexington.

*ONE FACT—Is worth a column of rhetoric, said an American statesman. It is a fact, established by the testimony of thousands of people, that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure scrofula, salt rheum, and other diseases or affections arising from impure state or low condition of the blood. It also overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good appetite, and gives strength to every part of the system Try it

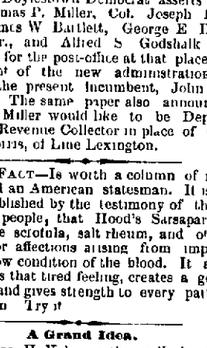
A Grand Idea.

Prof. Geo H Kalteyer, the well known chemist of Texas, investigated the baking powder question, and wrote "I submitted Prof Horsford's powder [Rumford Yeast Powder] to a chemical examination, and found it composed of pure and non poisonous materials The idea of Prof. Horsford was indeed, a grand one, in supplanting the indigestible tartrates, which are the final result of all cream tartar baking powders, by the soluble phosphates, the very nutritive property of bread, and the bone-producing element of nature. It is certainly the best and most healthful bread-rising preparation ever offered to the public"

*I suffered from a very severe cold in my head for months and used everything recommended but could get no relief Was advised to use Ely's Cream Balm. It has worked like magic in its cure. I am free from my cold after using the Balm one week, and I believe it is the best remedy known Feeling grateful for what it has done for me I send this testimonial —Samuel J Harris, Wholesale Grocer, 119 Front St, New York

Ely's Cream Balm is worth its weight in gold as a cure for catarrh One bottle cured me —S A Lovell, Franklin, Pa.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies A marvel of purity and wholesomeness More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight powders Sold only in cans ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall street, New York City.

WOMEN WITH BEARDS.

How Science Has Come to the Relief of Such Afflicted Ones.

As a reporter sat in a cable car the other day he noticed a pretty woman enter Pretty, stylish and trim from head to foot—only one blemish, and that a decided, an humiliating one. She had a pronounced mustache that a youth of 20 would have envied her Everywhere that one goes, in shops, churches, theatres, this disfigurement is noticed Is there no remedy? Sensitive women will resort to any and every method to rid themselves of superfluous hair Scissors, tweezers, yes, even razors are used, only to find that the blemish will return as fast as it is removed, and with additional strength There are many fortunate cases. A young woman had a few straggling hairs on her face. She noticed them much more than anyone else, and grew actually morbid on the subject One day while having her hair shampooed her hairdresser noticed them and told her he could remove them. He produced a small stone, and by her permission proceeded to rub them off, leaving her face smooth and blushing from the friction. He assured her that if they returned they would be much finer, scarcely to be observed. Instead, in a few days they appeared, and to her horror she found they were very much worse than before In her despair she again used the stone which her hairdresser had persuaded her to buy This practice she kept up daily, until her face was in a frightful condition. However, a remedy has been found in electricity

"It is the only way on earth to effectually kill this parasite," said a well known physician to the reporter "Any physician of repute will assure you of that fact Singeing, cutting, pulling out by tweezers or depilatories only make them coarser, rougher and more bristling The follicle must be killed, then the hair falls out of itself"

"Does it ever return?"

"Sometimes a few of the hairs come back, but they are always black and extremely easy to kill the second time"

"Is it a painful operation?"

"Well, sometimes That depends a good deal upon the sensitiveness of the skin, and the nerves of the patient I find, though," he added laughingly, "that even when it hurts pretty bad, the ladies will endure it bravely—in fact, a woman will suffer any pain if thereby she is to be made better looking"

The reporter then asked permission to be allowed to watch an operation, which was granted. The patient sits in a reclining chair and holds a bowl of water on her lap, in which is immersed one of the cords from the battery To the other is attached the finest possible needle The operator gathers up the flesh about the obnoxious hair, plunges the needle in deep, the patient dips two or three fingers in the water, says "Oh!" and waits After a few seconds the needle is removed and the hair is deftly picked out by the tweezers The face is left a little sore from the operation, but camphor freely applied will heal it Camphor is much better than any oily substance like cream or vaseline, for they have a tendency to make hair grow. There, is therefore, no need for any woman to carry about this hideous blemish, which sometimes ruins an otherwise faultless complexion.—Chicago Herald.

He Modified His Petition.

I have lately heard of an old minister who had retired from active service, but who still retained his seat in his former pulpit while candidates were preaching there. He always offered the closing prayer, and after asking the Lord to bless his servant who had broken the bread of life to his people that day, was accustomed to add, "and may he shine as a star of the first magnitude forever and ever" But it happened one Sunday that a very dull and ordinary preacher occupied the pulpit, and the good old minister was unutterably bored When it was time for the prayer he offered the usual petition that the Lord would bless his servant who had addressed the people that day, and—here he paused His faith was not strong enough to allow him to conclude the sentence in the customary way, so the conscientious old man added firmly, "And may he shine as a star of considerable magnitude forever and over!"

Strictly Pure Cream Tartar, 50 cents a pound 15 cents a quarter pound, at Dr Pursell's Drug Store

Pure Black Pepper, ground with stems out, 40 cents a pound, at Dr Pursell's Drug Store.

Genuine Ceylon Cinnamon is very much better than the ordinary and sells for 25 cents a quarter pound at Dr Pursell's Drug Store

Hard Rubber Trusses, $3 each at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store

Window Glass of all sizes and at low prices, at Dr Pursell's Drug Store

A Complete Establishment

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the fall and winter trade They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash Their Clothing Hats Caps, Underwear, Hosiery Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes They have suits from $5 to $20 honest goods and well made Hats from 40 cts to $3 00 Underwear from $1 00 to $3 00 per suit and shoes, well made neat strong and substantial, at various prices For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers They keep no auction trash upon their premises

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr B Mayer 831 Arch St, Phila, Pa Last at once, no operation or business delay Thousands cured Send for circulars

*SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE—Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine They often say Oh, it will wear away,' but in most cases it wears them away Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which we sell on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose Price 50c. and $1 00 Trial size free At all Druggists'

SYRUP OF FIGS—Is Nature's own true laxative It is the most easily taken, and the most effective remedy known to Cleanse the System when Bilious or Costive, to dispel Headaches Colds and Fevers, to Cure Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, Piles etc Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal John K. Young, agent, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

*Dr Theel, the renowned Specialist has cured more cases of special, kidney, blood and nervous diseases than all others combined The power of healing that the Doctor possesses is no doubt due to his complete, practical knowledge of the allopathic, homœopathic and eclectic system of medicine. We would advise those suffering to consult him in person or by letter Office 538 North Fourth Street Philadelphia, Pa.

*THE HANDSOMEST LADY IN BRISTOL —Remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and lungs was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when others had no effect whatever. So to prove this and convince of its merit, any druggist will give you a Sample Bottle Free Large size 50c and $1

*BRINGING GLADNESS to millions, pleasing their palates and cleansing their systems, arousing their Livers, Kidneys, Stomachs, and Bowels to a healthy activity Such is the mission of the famous California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs John K Young 55 Bath street, Bristol

BUYER. Persons desiring goods of any kind purchased in Philadelphia or New York can have orders promptly filled by applying to C V TITUS, 144 Radcliffe Street.
☞Samples on hand.

New Advertisements

Mr. CROWTHER
-OF-
PHILADELPHIA,
Will give an Exhibition of
Sleight of Hand,
In St. James' Chapel,
On Monday Evening, Dec. 10th,
at 7 45, for the entertainment of all the societies belonging to the Parish. All members of Societies belonging to St. James will be furnished tickets without charge, by officers of their Societies. The public are invited, general admission being 10 cents There will also be a sale of articles made by the G. F. S. after the Sleight-of-Hand entertainment is over.

Bristol Opera House.
TWO NIGHTS ONLY.
Monday and Tuesday Evenings, December 10th and 11th.
The Young and Talented Actress
EDITH CROLIUS,
In the Refined Western Drama, by George Atkins, entitled
"A CHECKERED LIFE,"
Supported by an excellent company
Admission . . . 15 and 25
Reserved Seats . . . 35c
On Wednesday Evening, Dec. 12th,
ONLY A GERMAN.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

In pursuance of an order issued out of the Orphans Court of the county of Bucks in the matter of the partition of the real estate of Ellen Cutler late of the borough of Bristol deceased, will be sold on SATURDAY, the 12th day of December A D, 1888 at 2 o'clock p m of the said day on the premises hereinafter described, to wit

No 1 A message and lot of land in the borough of Bristol on the northeast side of Pine street, 41 feet southeast of Headley street containing in front on said Pine street 30 feet, and extending of that width between parallel lines at right angles to said street 150 feet to an alley The improvements consist of a good 2½ story brick dwelling house with one story kitchen attached and cellar under all The house is 12 2 10 feet by 26 feet deep The shed kitchen attached is 12 2 10 by 8 feet The house contains two rooms down stairs, with kitchen and two rooms up stairs and a good cistern, pump in front and good water on the premises and also necessary outbuildings This property is now occupied by Frank Schrile

No 2 A message and lot of land in the borough of Bristol on the north side of Pine street, at the southeast corner of Pine and Hedley streets, containing in front on said Pine street 31 feet and extending that width between parallel lines at right angles to said street 150 feet to an alley The improvements consist of a good 2½ story brick dwelling house with frame shed kitchen attached and cellar under all The house is 12 2 10 feet front by 26 feet deep and the shed kitchen attached is 8 by 12 2 10 feet The house contains two rooms and kitchen down stairs and two rooms up stairs Also a large portico in front and good water on the premises, and also all necessary out buildings This property is now occupied by Nicholas Haney Both of these properties in first class order and repair and have been just painted They are both well worth the attention of purchasers

The sale will be positive to the highest bidder, without reserve, so look out if you want a bargain The title is all right, so no one need fear to bid

Conditions made known on day of sale by
B F GILKESON Auditor,
Appointed by the Orphans Court of Bucks County to sell the said real estate

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE ON BATH STREET

Will be sold on SATURDAY, December 22 at 2 o'clock p m of said day on the premises hereinafter described, beginning on No 1, all the following described real estate situate in the borough of Bristol Bucks county Pa

No 1 A message state property and lot of land upon the easterly side of Bath street, adjoining the estate of Henry M Wright, deceased containing front on said Bath street about 40 feet (including a three feet wide alley) and extending back about 125 feet more or less The improvements consist of a 2½ frame store and dwelling house 29 4 10 feet front by 28 feet deep with one story back buildings 13 4 10x23 2 10 and 12 4 10x8 2 10 The house contains on the first floor two rooms formerly used as a store, and four other rooms and a shed 10 rooms on the second floor with garret overhead and cellar under all There is a three feet wide one story alley running from Bath street to the rear of the buildings There is good water on the premises, and all necessary out buildings This property is well adapted for all business purposes and a very successful store was formerly conducted therein

No 2 A message dwelling house and lot of land on the westerly side of Bath street adjoining lands of Wilson Kendall, containing in front on said street about 40 feet, and extending back at least 83 feet, more or less The improvements consist of a 2½ story brick dwelling house 19x31 feet with shed 7x19 feet attached, 2 rooms and kitchen on first floor, 4 rooms on second floor with garret overhead and cellar under all there is also a one story frame building used as a barber shop on the premises 10x16 feet. Good water and all necessary out buildings

No 3 A message dwelling house and lot of land situate on the west side of Bath street containing in front 13 feet, and extending back at least 63 feet The improvements consist of a 2½ story brick dwelling house 13 feet by 31 feet, with shed attached 7x13 feet The house contains 2 rooms and kitchen on first floor, and 2 rooms on second floor with garret overhead and cellar under all Good water on the premises and all necessary out buildings

All of these properties are well located and well worth the attention of purchasers Sale positive, without reserve in order to settle an estate Conditions made known on the day of sale by
B F GILKESON,
Attorney for the heirs of Elizabeth Simons

A GOOD CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY this winter We want some more reliable men to sell our nursery stock, guaranteed first class, true to name is ordered, and delivered in good health condition SALARY AND EXPENSES, (or commission if preferred) Apply, (stating age) to
H W FOSTER & CO
Geneva, N Y

BURTON'S EXPRESS.
JOSHUA BURTON
is at all times prepared to do jobs of
HAULING
of every description, and at prices to suit the times
Furniture handled with care.
Orders left at Kelley's Cigar Store, No 68 Mill street, will receive prompt attention

New Publications

—THE—
New York Tribune.
CONGRATULATES
Every American Farmer, Wage-earner and Business Man the Union Volunteers, the Settlers of the Western Territories, every Young Man and Woman the Freedmen of the South, our American Fishermen and Shipbuilders, and the Whole People generally on the
SALVATION OF THEIR WELFARE,
which was won at the polls on November 6th In the prosperity which is likely to follow, the men of both parties will share, but to the Republican voters, workers and press is due the credit

During General Harrison's administration THE TRIBUNE will continue to advocate the great measures of public policy with which its name is identified Great responsibilities now rest not only on the new administration but on the Republican party and press, with reference to shaping legislation so as to give practical effect to the will of the people It is no time now for farmers, wage earners Union veterans and others whose interests have been imperiled by an administration of free traders and rebel brigadiers, to relax their interest in public affairs and let things take their course On the contrary, it would seem to be the duty of all voters to cooperate earnestly in the advancement of measures undertaken in their behalf, and to lend their support to get it newspapers which are doing original and aggressive work to promote their welfare

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THEIR LIVES ENDED

Murder of Mehitable White in Braintree.

He Sought to Cover Up His Crime by Hiding Her Body in the Hay—The Unexplained Death of Miss Eva Mitchell in Chicago.

For cold blood and frightful brutality the murder of Miss Mehitable White in Braintree, Mass., not long ago, has scarcely ever been equaled in the Bay state, and barring some sensational particulars has scarcely been excelled anywhere. The main facts of this sensational murder are here recounted, though they may be somewhat familiar to some readers.

Miss White was 64 years of age. She lived alone in a small but comfortable house in Braintree. She had, about a week before her murder, engaged a hired man named John Thompson. He is a tall, lank, evil looking man, a native of Scotland, 50 years old, and there are those who hold him guilty of the crime, together with an accomplice. When Thompson went to Braintree he had a zinc trunk from which the handles had been torn out. This trunk was left at the Braintree station in care of the baggage master. The trunk remained at the station until the following day, when a smooth faced man came for it with Miss White's carriage. This man took the trunk in the wagon and drove away, presumably to Miss White's. The day of

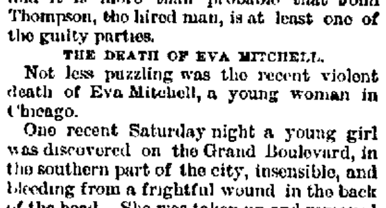
THE WHITE HOMESTEAD.

Thompson's arrival at Miss White's the three individuals were seen to enter her carriage and drive toward Randolph. Thompson and Miss White returned with the team, and the smooth faced man was not seen again until the night of the murder.

Then both the smooth faced man and Thompson disappeared.

The day after they disappeared, Ernest W. Dennett, a nephew of the old lady, called at the farm house, and receiving no answer to his knock, crossed the street to the house of a neighbor to see if his aunt was there. She had not been there since the night before, and the people remarked to the young man that it seemed strange that a light should be burning in the house, as was the case, at such a late hour in the day. Young Dennett went home and soon returned with his father and a few neighbors. They found the doors of the house all locked and were obliged to break in. Everything about the house was in confusion, and it was evident that the rooms had been ransacked. Neither the old lady nor the hired man could be found. The searchers went to the barn near by, the doors of which were also locked. They burst in the doors, and after a careful inspection a human hand was seen protruding from a pile of hay. The cover was quickly thrown off, and the horribly mutilated body of Miss White was brought to light. The body was lying face downward, the feet and hands were bound with hay ropes, the throat was cut from ear to ear, and there was an ugly wound on the head behind the right ear.

No object other than robbery can be as-



THE BARN.

signed for the commission of the awful deed, and it is more than probable that John Thompson, the hired man, is at least one of the guilty parties.

THE DEATH OF EVA MITCHELL.

Not less puzzling was the recent violent death of Eva Mitchell, a young woman in Chicago.

One recent Saturday night a young girl was discovered on the Grand Boulevard, in the southern part of the city, insensible, and bleeding from a frightful wound in the back of the head. She was taken up and removed to a hospital, when it was discovered that she had received a compound fracture of the skull, doubtless having been struck with some blunt instrument. She died soon after. The body was finally identified as that of Eva Mitchell, who lived with her brother, Oliver Mitchell, a street car conductor.

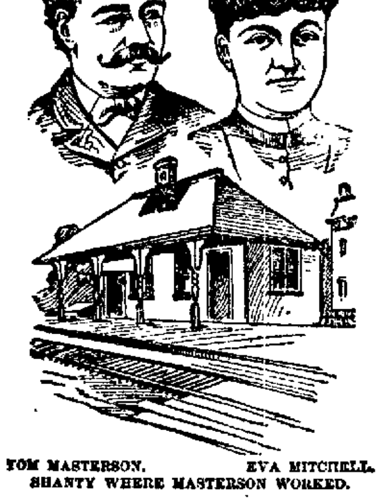
Eva removed from Washington, Ia., to Chicago about three years ago. She went to live with her grandmother, and between the two there sprang up a deep affection. The girl, who was but 19, was a devout member of the Methodist church and a regular attendant at Sunday school. Soon after her arrival in Chicago the grandmother died, and Eva was thrown out upon the cold world. She went to work as a servant at a boarding house frequented by car drivers and conductors. While here she made the acquaintance of a flagman with a wooden leg, Thomas Masterton.

Upon leaving her place Eva went to live with her step brother, Oliver Mitchell, and worked at the factory of an extract company.

WHERE THE BODY WAS FOUND.

She and a friend, Maud Lewis, did all the corking and labeling of the firm. She had the acquaintance of two young men besides the flagman, Neil O. Gray and Walter J. Sturgis, the latter being one of the clerks of the millionaire Armour.

On the last evening of her life Eva left the factory with Miss Lewis, but the two soon parted. Eva went to her step brother's to supper. When she had finished she went to the boarding house where she had worked as a servant, arriving at about 6 o'clock. She stayed there twenty minutes and then left, it was supposed to go home.



TOM MASTERSON. EVA MITCHELL.
SHANTY WHERE MASTERSON WORKED.

Thomas Masterton, the flagman, was the last person to see her after she left the boarding house. He said that Eva called at his shanty about 6 o'clock and told him that she was going buggy riding. She didn't tell him who was going to take her. He claims to have seen her in a ramshackle buggy soon after or about 7 o'clock with a man, and says she cried out to him, "Good-by; I'm going to elope. You will not see me any more." Masterton was arrested, but afterward released.

A number of theories have been broached as to the cause of the girl's death, but they are all theories.

One is that the girl was not murdered at all, but came to her death by being run over.

A STRANGE FATALITY.

Every Man She Became Engaged To Proceeded to Die.

A few gossips of the southern end of St. Louis are just now discussing the strange romance of a young woman who has for something over a year been a resident among them. The story, as told by The Globe-Democrat, was told by a clergyman of the Episcopal church, who has been a sufferer from the lady's strange fate. The lady in question is but a visitor to America, whence she came to try and shake off the spell of which she firmly believes she is the victim. A few years previous to her leaving historic Caledonia she returned from the patrimonial estates of the family, nine and one-half miles from the Holyrood palace, in Edinburgh, to Aberdeen. By the death of her father, since her arrival in this country, she has become the heiress to a large estate. She is refined, graceful and handsome, but the fatality attaching to her makes her life an unhappy one.

When but 17 years old she became strongly attached to a nephew of the bishop of Carlyle. One day, while riding across the heath in his company, she had a presentiment that he would propose that night and that she accepted. She saw him, in a momentary vision, lying, pale and cold, by the roadside. Bewildered, she involuntarily stopped her horse, and in another moment fell in a swoon. He bore her to a cottager's near by, and on her recovery the bashful young man's love had been so intensified by anxiety that, in a moment of mutual tenderness, they were betrothed. After escorting her home he had to pass the same spot to return to his domicile. The next morning they found him dead near where she had fallen. His horse had evidently thrown him, and he had been killed by the consequent injury to his head.

The lady recovered, and eighteen months afterward she was betrothed to an English naval officer who was suddenly ordered to the West Indies to join H. M. S. schoolship Eurydice. The next spring, on the return of the ship home, she was wrecked, and all on board but two were lost. The young lover was not one of the saved.

Time healed the lady's wounded heart, and her affections were won by an English army officer, who was drowned shortly after the betrothal. The night he was drowned she was attending a ball, and, according to her statement, was seized with a sudden attack of dizziness and fainted. On recovering she said she had seen, in a vision, the ball room suddenly transformed into a submarine cavern, containing nothing but the corpse of her accepted lieutenant. She could never be induced to dance again.

It took a good deal of persuasion to induce her to become a fiancee again. But the persistence of an American sea captain conquered her reluctance and she accepted him. He returned to Philadelphia with his ship for the purpose of putting his affairs in shape for the wedding. While his ship was at anchor off the Delaware Breakwater he was also drowned. The bride elect came to the Quaker City afterward, and, having relatives in Carondelet, resolved to make a long visit to them.

The clergyman who furnished the facts above related met and loved the lady, and she apparently reciprocated, but when he proposed she replied by telling him her story, and all his eloquence failed to change her resolution never to marry. His attentions to her had been a matter of society gossip, so that there was something of a sensation when there appeared in the society columns of The Globe-Democrat an item stating she had gone to visit friends in the interior of the state, and would soon return to her home in Scotland to reside permanently.

Joaquin Miller and His Daughter.

Here is a story of Joaquin Miller and his daughter. She went to Washington as the star of a troupe of barn storming actors, who were producing his favorite play, the "Forty-niners." The play was produced at the Dime museum, now extinct, but at that time one of the cheapest halls in the city. One night, while Maud Miller was going through her part as the heroine of the play in a perfunctory manner, stimulated by numerous libations at the shrine of Bacchus, she was suddenly seen to stop, with her gaze fixed in a pitiful stare toward the small audience before her.

The division bummers and peanut venders who comprised it turned to hunt for the cause of her embarrassment, and saw standing near the door a sorrow stricken old man, whose whitened locks crowned a face pitiful to behold. "My God! my father!" cried Maud, and then bursting into tears sprang off the stage. The curtain was immediately rung down, but when attention was once more directed toward the place where Joaquin had stood he had vanished. Shortly after he sold out a part of his property, disposing of his cabin and the ground it occupied to a Washington admirer. He has since declared his intention of never returning to Washington, and on Thursday disposed of the last two lots he possessed in this city, the lots named being the ground directly in the rear of his cabin on Meridian hill.—Baltimore American.

MAKING WAX FIGURES.

Through the Boiling Pot, the Mold and the Eye and Hair Artists.

A smiling young lady seated at a piano in a large show window on State street attracted crowds last week. She was pretty enough to catch the masculine eye and sufficiently well dressed to hold the feminine critics. But, despite the constant scrutiny of the ever changing crowd, the young lady never changed her position. The smile that parted her lips did not change; her fingers, raised an inch above the piano, never struck them once—all for the best of reasons. She wasn't a real young lady—though she looked it, especially in the gaslight—but only a wax one. A young man curious to know something of the method of her construction climbed up to the top story of the Eden Musee in company with the superintendent, emerging into a small room in the rear of the building. Two or three men were at work, one stirring a steaming mixture in an iron pot over an oil stove, another daubing plaster over a mold. Headless corpses were everywhere. They stood on platforms, underneath tables and in corners. In a small anteroom a whole collection was piled up. The limbs of some were contorted and bent as though in awful agony. The active young superintendent opened boxes and cupboards and drew out heads of men and women, old and young, beautiful and ugly, some without eyes or hair, others looking startlingly real. From another set of drawers he pulled dozens of hands and laid them beside the heads.

"There," said he, "are all the parts of an image which are made out of wax. There is no such thing as a wax figure. The figures —the torsos—are made out of papier mache. A wax torso, even when it is lined with an iron framework, does not give a satisfactory effect. The process of making the papier mache bodies is precisely that of the heads and hands."

"And what is that?"

"A work that requires seven persons to complete. The first step is to make a miniature model in clay of the figure or group that is to be represented. From it we get some idea of the effect. When all details are decided upon the sculptor models the figure life size in clay, the same as would be done if it were to be chiseled in marble or cast in bronze. The hands are omitted. They are modeled from life always. Next the molder prepares a plaster paris cast in sections from the model, and into this the wax is poured by the wax worker. If the result does not satisfy the sculptor the head is remelted. No attempt is ever made to change a head. The mold is simply broken up and a new model made. The head goes next to a woman, who inserts the hair, eyebrows, eyelashes, and beard. A little instrument with two or three sharp needle points is used for this. She works rapidly, more so than any of the others. The sculptor, after the glass eyes are put into the socket, then takes the head and finishes it. Its color is pale pink, and he gives it the hue of the human face, and by various means makes its surface look like skin. Meanwhile the costumer has been at work dressing the torso and the carpenter fixing it upon a pedestal. The head and hands are joined to it and it is ready for exhibition."

"How long does all this take?"

"It depends upon the sculptor entirely. Figures nowadays are mostly portraits, and in modeling one, especially of a contemporary individual, the sculptor is likely to make half a dozen models before the correct one is hit. The figure of Thurman, for instance, required a great deal of preliminary study. The sculptor had to see him several times, to observe most closely various details, such as the expression of his face in varying moods, the size of his head, color of his eyes—can any man tell the color of his nearest friend's eyes? —the way his hair was arranged, his weight, carriage, etc. Little details, such as the ear, occupy the artist a day sometimes. He cannot be hurried. Sometimes two weeks is required to model a single figure. No, sculptors rarely model direct from life, except in the case of the hands, although instances are known of their having done so. They prefer a photograph and rely upon their memories for details in making a head. But they always mold hands from life. No artist in the world can exactly represent that wonderful human member, with all its thousand lines, creases and its expressions—for the hands have expressions. Figures cost as high as $300. The hair on the head of the figure of Mrs. Langtry cost $75. Hair is always an important and expensive item. So is the costume."—Chicago Tribune.

PRETTY LAURA SCHIRMER.

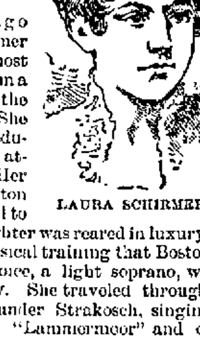
She Is Alive and Well and, of Course, Was Not Poisoned at All.

Laura Schirmer, it seems, was not poisoned in the sultan's harem after all.

The fact is, it is doubtful if she ever saw the interior of the sultan's harem.

Several months ago a wild tale came over the sea from the land of the unspeakable Turk and of the cypress and myrtle. It was to the effect that an American girl, Laura Schirmer by name, had been poisoned, along with thirteen other inmates, in the perfumed, sensuous harem of the mighty sultan, Eye of the Universe, Master of the World, etc.

The story read much like "Don Juan." The only difference was that in "Don Juan" the women were sewed up in a bag and the bag was pitched into the sobbing sea on a dark night.



LAURA SCHIRMER.

Ten years ago Laura Schirmer was one of the most promising prima donnas in the United States. She was beautiful, educated and very attractive. Her mother, a Boston woman, was well to do, and the daughter was reared in luxury and had the best musical training that Boston afforded. Her voice, a light soprano, was of exquisite beauty. She traveled through the United States under Strakosch, singing in "Sonnambula," "Lammermoor" and other well known operas.

It was then she met her evil genius, the English tenor, Byron, a handsome fellow, but reckless and full of devil-may-care fever of the blood.

She became fascinated with him, and went to Europe with him. They went to Milan to sing and study, and she made her Italian debut there. She was successful, but soon after there was a quarrel between her and Byron and they separated. Nothing was heard of her for a long while. Then came the poisoning story.

But she has just turned up, safe and sound, as pretty as ever, and her voice far better than it was. She is a captive in no sense, and never has been. She had good reason for living quietly abroad, but she has never tried to hide herself from the world, nor has there been anything in her life which should induce or force her to conceal her place of abode or her name.

And thus ('twas ever thus) is another story, romantic and novel enough, dashed to the cold, cold earth!

WHITE CAPS IN OHIO.

Circumstantial Recital of the Whipping of Adam Berkes.

The White Caps are at it again.

And this time in Ohio.

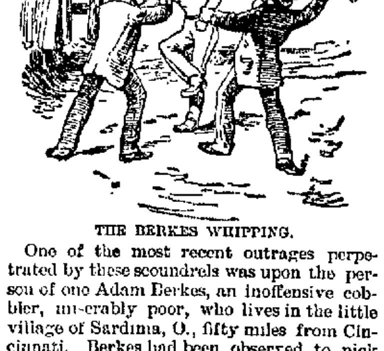
The White Caps are an organized body of men, similar to the Vigilantes of California in the gold days. Ignoring the ample laws under which the people of the United States live, they have unlawfully concocted a set of laws of their own. These laws, as is bound to be the case from the nature of the organization, are exceedingly crude.

They are, to be more explicit, quite as brutal in their effects as they possibly can be.

One of the principal tenets of these presumptuous ruffians is that they have the right to take men or women who have in some way offended their code, however slightly, and flog them into unconsciousness with blacksnake whips.

Then these merry dogs consider it an exquisitely humorous affair to place a man on a rail and ride him out of the town or village astride it, lashing him on the way. Look ye, the agonized fellow groans so comically, his face contorts so curiously, and he is so ludicrously fervent in his vain pleadings to be let alone!

Funny, funny White Caps! Tar and feathers are also part of the equipment of the White Caps. They don't use these articles very often, however, as they prefer to see people writhe under the lash.



THE BERKES WHIPPING.

One of the most recent outrages perpetrated by these scoundrels was upon the person of one Adam Berkes, an inoffensive cobbler, miserably poor, who lives in the little village of Sardinia, O., fifty miles from Cincinnati. Berkes had been observed to pick up coal on the railroad—something that was done by nearly every one in the village—and by a circuitous course of reasoning the White Caps arrived at the perfectly logical conclusion that he also stole wood—and chickens.

Cunning White Caps!

So one dark night not long ago, their faces masked, a detachment of fifty-two of these ruffianly curs rode up to the humble cottage of Adam Berkes at a time when he was in bed and his wife was sitting up nursing a sick babe.

They rapped on the door and called Berkes out.

He came.

He was only in his trousers, boots and a thin undershirt.

His wife was much frightened, but she was ordered by the White Caps to "shut up," if she was not desirous of getting a "licking."

Berkes was dragged some distance from his house into a clearing, his undershirt was taken from his back, and, while one man held each an arm, he was unmercifully striped until his back was a bleeding mass of raw flesh and he was half dead.

Poor Berkes has since become insane on account of the treatment he received.

Can such things be?

A Woman's Sweet Revenge.

"I saw a lovely bonnet in a window today," said Mrs. Spite. "It just became me and was a real bargain."

"Did you buy it?"

"No. I let that Miss Vandewater take it, because I knew it would make her look a perfect fright."—New York Sun.

A PEACE MAKER'S DEATH

His Name Was Jakely and He Was Brutally Murdered.

George Jakely, the young section hand who was brutally murdered in Kansas City, was a perfect giant in size, and his figure was Apollo like in its symmetrical proportions. He was as strong as an ox, and those who knew him say that he was as gentle as a child. He suffered the invariable lot of the peace maker. A crowd of section hands, among whom were Joel and Robert Boyd, Frank Ward, G. W. Wright and C. R. Fitzsimmons were putting their handcar on the track when Fitzsimmons and a young man known to the gang only as "Billy" became involved in a fight. Jakely, who was a very quiet fellow, stepped between them, and remarking: "Don't fight," gently pushed them apart. The men had it in for him. They did not like him. He was not one of them, and was too much of a gentleman for them. So they all drew their knives instantly. Fitzsimmons, advancing threateningly toward him, said: "I'll give it to you if you are not careful." Jakely's coat was off in an instant. He looked at them quietly and intimated in few but well selected words that he was quite ready.

WRIGHT. FITZSIMMONS. BOYD.

But, Hercules that he was, he could not withstand the general rush that was made for him by the whole gang. He fought bravely, felling them to earth again and again, and he made a magnificent picture as he stood there alone, a superb specimen of manhood, repelling the furious onslaughts of his brutalized and drunken opponents.

But it was of no use.

He was overcome by the force of superior numbers. Twice a knife was thrust into his heart, a razor slashed across his side and back, and one ruffian struck him on the forehead with a pair of brass knuckles. Jakely staggered and fell with a groan. The blood gushed from his wounds, dyeing crimson the snow covered ground. His assassins, having tasted blood, kicked the prostrate body as they would that of a dog, until one of them looked closely at his face and said:

"By God, he is dead!"

True. He was dead.

Then they all became alarmed and fled. The two Boyds, Ward, Wright and Fitzsimmons were afterwards arrested as having inflicted the fatal wounds, according to the statement of an eyewitness to the tragedy.

Dusky Murderers Hanged.

Jake and Joe Tabler, the two brutal negroes from the Indian territory who were hanged together at Wichita, Kan., the other day, committed two of the most atrocious murders on record. They were brothers. In the early part of August, 1835, two men, Goodykuntz and Cass by name, well-to-do merchants of Vinita, I. T., started through the territory for Texas. On the night of the 16th they camped on the bank of the Bear river, and not far from them also went into camp these two colored boys, who had been following them through the day. About midnight they crawled quietly upon the sleeping merchants,

JOE TABLER. JAKE TABLER.

and, each selecting his man, fired two shots, killing both instantly. The murderers then took the team of horses, $4 in money, a gold watch and their victims' clothes, and fled. Their first stopping place was at the home of an uncle. Here they were in a few days afterwards arrested. The stolen property was found in their possession, and they were even wearing the clothes of the murdered men. Jake, the older, made a confession at this time to six or seven persons. They were tried and sentenced to be hanged.

They were both very black, small of stature, heavy set, with muscles of steel; small eyes, large noses, and thick lips. They looked very much like full blooded negroes, but were said to have Creek blood in their veins.

In the popular term, both "died game."

The Betschler-King Tragedy.

Here are pictures of Henry W. King, the young business man of Omaha, who was shot to death by Libbie Betchler not long ago, his wife and "the boy Joe." It

BOY JOE. H. W. KING.
MRS. KING.

will be remembered that the murderess claims to have been married to King, and that his later marriage was not legal. "The boy Joe" has passed as her brother, but is believed to be the son of King and the Betchler woman. King's widow was before her marriage Miss Alice Duffy, and lived some months in St. Louis earlier in the year. She is the daughter of the late Hon. Hugh C. Duffy, member of the legislature from Louisiana, Pike county, Mo., his former home. Mrs. King went to St. Louis about six months ago, which was about six months after her father's death. She secured work in a store and later married King.

Twenty-five years after the burial of $19,000 by a Virginian a Baltimore woman located the spot in a dream, and next day took two witnesses with her and dug up the coin.

Invented by a Banker's Wife.

The wife of a New York banker has invented a machine for making wire rope, the patent of which she has sold to a San Francisco firm for $25,000 cash and a royalty. The way she came to hit upon this was from a device she used to twist her worsted.—Chicago Herald.

The Longest Word in English.

Which is the longest word in the English language? "Smiles," because there's a mile between the first and last letters.—Christian Register. The Register has probably forgotten the word beleaguered. There are three miles in a league.—New York Observer.

In the Marriage Service.

About as useless a thing as there is in this world is the word "obey" in the marriage service. The bad wives won't obey, and the good ones never give their husbands occasion to command them. — Martha's Vineyard Herald.

Unable to Collect.

Magistrate (to Chinaman)—What is your complaint against this young man?

Chinaman (unable to collect a laundry bill) —He too muchee by-and-by.—Harper's Bazar.

1889.

Harper's Magazine.

ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE is the most useful, entertaining and beautiful periodical in the world. Among the attractions for 1889 will be a new novel—an American story, entitled "Jupiter Lights"—by Constance F. Woolson; illustrations of Shakespeare's Comedies by E. A. Abbey; a series of articles on Russia, illustrated by T. de Thulstrup; Papers on the Dominion of Canada, and a characteristic serial by Charles Dudley Warner, three "Norwegian Studies," by Bjornstjerne Bjornson, illustrated; "Commodus," a historical play, by the author of "Ben-Hur," illustrated by J. R. Weguelin, etc. The Editorial Departments are conducted by George William Curtis, William Dean Howells and Charles Dudley Warner.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
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Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, or Mexico.

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1889.

Harper's Weekly.

ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has a well established place as the leading illustrated newspaper in America. The fairness of its editorial comments on current politics has earned for it the respect and confidence of all impartial readers, and the variety and excellence of its literary contents, which include serials and short stories by the best and most popular writers, fit it for the perusal of people of the widest range of tastes and pursuits. Supplements are frequently provided and no expense is spared to bring the highest order of literary ability to bear upon the illustration of the changeful phases of home and foreign history. A new work of fiction from the pen of William Dean Howells, and one by Capt. Charles King, will be among the leading features of the WEEKLY for 1889.

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1889.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE begins its tenth volume with the first number in November. During the year it will contain five serial stories, including "Dorymates," by Kirk Munroe; "The Red Mustang," by W. O. Stoddard; and "A Day in Waxland," by R. K. Munkittrick; "Nels Thurlow's Trial," by J. T. Trowbridge; "The Three Wishes," by F. Anstey and Brander Matthews; a series of Fairy Tales written and illustrated by Howard Pyle; "Home Studies in Natural History," by Dr. Felix L. Oswald; "Little Experiments," by Sophia B. Herrick; "Glimpses of Child-Life from Dickens," by Margaret E. Sangster; articles on various sports and pastimes, short stories by the best writers, and humorous papers and poems, with many hundreds of illustrations of excellent quality. Every line in the paper is subjected to the most rigid editorial Scrutiny, in order that nothing harmful may enter its columns.

An epitome of everything that is attractive and desirable in juvenile literature.—Boston Courier.

A weekly feast of good things to the boys and girls in every family which it visits.—Brooklyn Union.

It is wonderful in its wealth of pictures, information and interest.—Christian Advocate, N. Y.

TERMS: Postage Prepaid, $2 00 Per Year.

Volume X Begins November 6, 1888.

Specimen Copy sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

SINGLE NUMBERS, Five Cents each.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

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Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Rossmore Hotel,

Broadway, 41st St. and 42d St.,

NEW YORK

Geo. T. Putney & Co., Prop's.

Five minutes from Grand Central and West Shore Depots. Broadway Cars pass the doors, affording ladies easy transit to all the principal stores and places of amusement. Coolest and best ventilated Hotel in the City.

Rooms. $1.00 per Day.

HOTEL CONDUCTED ON THE

AMERICAN and EUROPEAN PLANS

NOTICE TO DELINQUENT TAX PAYERS.

The duplicates of delinquent borough and school taxes have been placed in my hands for collection. I hereby give notice that all taxes must be paid within sixty days from the date of this notice, or execution for the same will be issued with cost. OFFICE: 81 BATH STREET. OFFICE HOURS:—Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, and every evening.

H. H. SMITH, Collector.

Bristol, Pa., October 1, 1888.

Miscellaneous

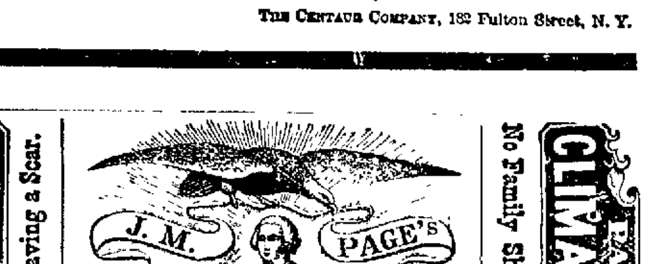
CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.



Page's Climax Salve, A FAMILY BLESSING FOR 25 CENTS.

Its action upon the system is unlike any other external remedy, as it never drives the disease to the Internal Organs. Its properties go to the diseased part, and separate the poisonous and corrupt humors, through the perspiring vessels to the surface, and thus drives the disease from the system. We warrant it to cure Old Sores, Ulcers, Scrofula Sores, Salt Rheum, Sore Breasts or Nipples, Inflamed Eyes, Swollen Glands, Erysipelas, Boils, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Bruises, Itch, Piles, Corns, Bunions, Chilblains, Frosted Feet, and all cutaneous diseases of man and beast.

PAGE'S CLIMAX SALVE [illegible] Scratches, Mange, [illegible] Cuts, Snake bites, Bruises, Burns, Saddle and harness Galls, Chafes, etc. [illegible] sell at the low price of twenty five cents [illegible] every case or money refunded. For Sale by Druggists and Dealers in medicine everywhere.

MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS,

THE GREAT STOMACH AND LIVER REMEDY.

Established by one of our most eminent physicians and recommended by the medical profession and druggists who know their real merit, and are used with more pleasing results than any other medicine.

Moffat's Life Pills are purely vegetable. They act on the stomach, bowels, liver and kidneys, purify and regulate the whole system, and are warranted a certain cure for all Malarious Diseases, Torpid Liver, Impure Blood, Jaundice, Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Costiveness, Nervous and Sick Headache, Neuralgia and Nervous Disease, Female obstructions and General weakness, Scurvy, Inflammatory Rheumatism, Piles of every kind, Gravel and Diseases of the Bladder and Kidneys, Colds and Fever and Ague.

MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS are elegantly Sugar coated and easy to take and are a perfect after dinner Pill, one taken after dinner each day will aid digestion and cure all disorders of the Stomach. Headache and Sick Headache cannot exist if these Pills are used. For costiveness take one Pill at bedtime.

MOFFAT'S PHOENIX BITTERS

Are not a drink used for intoxication, but a pure medicine and only used by people who are sick. They correct the secretions of the stomach and are a sure cure for Dyspepsia, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Debility, Weakness, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, etc. Thousands of certificates are in possession of the proprietor, giving perfect cures effected by these invaluable medicines and we warrant that they will do just what we have said or money will be refunded. It is simply asked that the afflicted will try them once, their use will convince the most skeptical.

PAGE'S CLIMAX SALVE, 25c. a Box. MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS, 25c a Box. MOFFAT'S PHOENIX BITTERS, $1.00 a Bottle. For Sale by Druggists and Dealers in medicine everywhere, or sent by mail or Express, prepaid, on receipt of price.

J. P. MILLS, Sole Proprietor,
85 LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK.

[illegible]'S ANIMAL BONE PHOSPHATE FOR SALE BY
[illegible] & CO., Doylestown
KRATZ & HILL, Chalfont
W. KENDERDINE & RICE, Lumberville
[illegible] MILL, Springtown
[illegible], Uhlertown
WORSTALL BROS. Newtown

TRADE MARK

DOUBLE EAGLE ANIMAL BONE PHOSPHATE
ECONOMICAL FERTILIZER WITH POTASH.

BAUGH & SONS COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA.
For sale by: ROTZEL & RAIKE, Doylestown; H. A. FLUCK, Pleasant Valley; E. F. HILLEGAS, Point Pleasant

Dorrance Street Meat Market.

THEODORE CORNELL, - Proprietor.

Beef, Mutton, Veal AND POULTRY.

ALL FIRST CLASS.

Meats delivered promptly to all parts of the town.

No. 717.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

At Bristol, in the State of Penna., at the close of business, October 4th, 1888

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$402,951 67
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	40,000 00
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages	73,704 44
Due from approved reserve agents	48,196 95
Due from other National Banks	1,921 19
Real estate, furniture, and fixtures	9,500 00
Current expenses and taxes paid	2,857 76
Checks and other cash items	3,860 94
Bills of other Banks	1,819 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and pennies	10 73
Specie	13,763 00
Legal tender notes	15,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent. of circulation)	1,800 00
TOTAL	$615,385 65

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 92,220 00
Surplus fund	92,220 00
Undivided profits	17,036 37
National Bank notes outstanding	25,060 00
Dividends unpaid	672 00
Individual deposits subject to check	370,349 56
Due to other National Banks	16,006 02
Due to State Banks and bankers	1,821 70
TOTAL	$615,385 65

State of Penna., County of Bucks, ss

I, Charles E. Scott, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 6th day of October, 1888.

W. H. H. FINE, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:
L. A. HOGUET,
JOHN BURTON, } Directors.
ELWOOD BURTON,

LADIES !

Do your own Dyeing, at Home, with

Peerless Dyes.

They will Dye everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c. a package—40 colors. They have no equal for Strength, Brightness, Amount in Packages or for Fastness of Color, or Non-fading Qualities. They do not crock or smut. For sale by SERRILL DOUGLASS, druggist.

A. STANKOWITCH,

Tuner of Piano Fortes,

No. 1534 Vine Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

ORDERS LEFT AT THE "GAZETTE" OFFICE WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

C. F. Herrmann,

MANUFACTURER OF

FINE FURNITURE.

Upholstering a Specialty.

BRISTOL, P .

Dr. Adams,

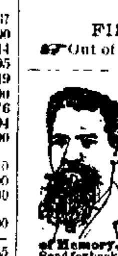
Dentist,

No. 3 Mulberry Street, Bristol, Pa.

Nitrous Oxide and Sulphuric Ether Always on Hand.

FILLING A SPECIALTY.

Out of office on Second Day (Monday.)



DR. THEEL 538 North Fourth Street bel. Green, Philadelphia. Guarantees to cure you more quickly, safely and permanently than any advertising physician. All Special Diseases, Blood Poison, Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Pimples, Ulcers, Melancholy, Loss of Memory, etc. Acute cases 4-10 days. Relief at once. Send for book Truth, exposing frauds. Hours, 9 3, 6-9. Wed. & Sat. Ev'gs, till 10. Sun. till 1. European Hospital Experience.

WARNING TO ALL SUFFERERS. Before placing yourself under any one's treatment write to me for the exposure of quacks, unscrupulous Physicians, and those pretending to being specialists; it will be more than wealth to you.

AGENTS WANTED

To canvass for one of the largest, oldest established, BEST KNOWN NURSERIES in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequaled facilities. GENEVA NURSERY, Established 1846.

W. & T. SMITH, Geneva, N. Y

Sherman & Peirce,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, &c.

Specialties made of

HOT-BED SASH, BERRY BOXES AND ENGRAVING BOARDS.

Dorrance Street, near Railroad

JOS. SHERMAN. WM. C. PEIRCE

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

JOHN NIMON,

DEALER IN FINE

Groceries, Provisions, Fruit & Vegetables,

FRESH DAILY.

My Teas and Coffees are the Best.

COR. RADCLIFFE & WALNUT STS.

FRANK S. MOSS,

PRACTICAL - BLACKSMITH,

I defy competition so far as good work and low prices are concerned. Give me a trial and be convinced that I mean what I say. Horse Shoeing, Wagon Work and Machine Blacksmithing.

CANAL ST., bet. WASHINGTON & DORRANCE, BRISTOL, PA.

RAG and COTTAGE CARPETS

MADE BY

JAMES E. SMITH, 65 Lafayette Street.

Orders called for and delivered without extra charge.

THE MISSES CABEEN

WILL RE-OPEN THEIR SCHOOL

Wednesday, September 19, 1888.

Miscellaneous

Best Made Clothing IN Philad'a. for

MEN

A. C. Yates & Co.,

6th & Chestnut,

LEDGER BUILDING.

PRATT'S Aromatic Geneva Gin CURES DISEASED KIDNEYS.

When it is taken into consideration that Gin is the only spirit possessing a medicinal quality other than a stimulant, a pure article is required.

PRATT'S Aromatic Geneva Gin

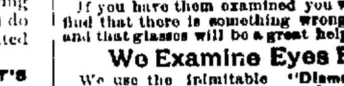
Is a pure Geneva (Swiss) Gin, redistilled with selected buchu leaves, fresh Italian juniper berries, gentian root, &c. It will be found an invaluable remedy and certain cure for Bright's Disease, Stone in Bladder, and all inflammation of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs.

JAMES E. MORRIS, Sole Agent, 165 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK.

L. A. HOGUET, leading druggist and sole agent

SALESMEN WANTED

to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock! Steady employment guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age. Chase Brothers Company, (Refer to this paper.) ROCHESTER, N.Y.



You think Your Eyes are Good.

If you have them examined you will probably find that there is something wrong with them, and that glasses will be a great help to you.

We Examine Eyes Free.

We use the inimitable "Diamante" lenses which are made only by us, and are recommended by the leading Oculists as the best aids to defective vision.

Solid Gold Spectacles,	$3.00;	usual price, $5.00
Steel Spectacles,	.50;	usual price, 1.00
Artificial Eyes inserted,	4.00;	usual price, 10.00

M. Zineman & Bro., Opticians

No. 130 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WATERS PIANOS.

Uprights a specialty.

IMPROVED NEW STYLES, 7⅓ OCTAVES, 3 STRINGED. VERY RICH, FULL TONE, WITH FINE SINGING QUALITY.

PRICES, $275 to $450, AND SOLD ON PAYMENTS OF ONLY $10 PER MONTH WHEN DESIRED.

ALSO, SECOND HAND PIANOS, OF DIFFERENT MAKERS, IN PERFECT ORDER. PRICES, $50 to $200, ON PAYMENTS OF ONLY $5 PER MONTH. PIANOS RENTED $5 PER MONTH, AND PART RENT ALLOWED TOWARD THE PURCHASE.

OLD PIANOS TAKEN IN PART PAYMENT FOR NEW ONES.

SEND POSTAL FOR CATALOGUE.

Horace Waters & Co.,

124 Fifth Av., near 18th St., N. Y.

JACKSON'S CAFE

RESTAURANT & ICE CREAM SALOONS

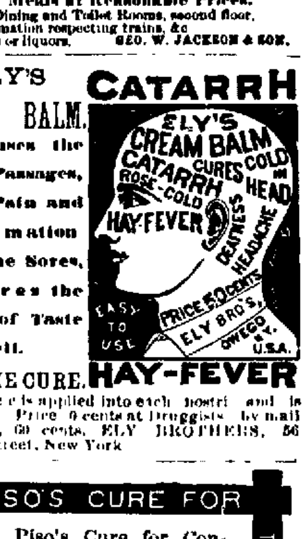
For Ladies and Gentlemen,

19 S. Eighth St. ab. Chestnut, Philadelphia.

Fine Meals at Reasonable Prices.

Ladies' Dining and Toilet Rooms, second floor. All information respecting trains, &c. No wines or liquors. GEO. W. JACKSON & SON.

ELY'S CREAM BALM. Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.



TRY THE CURE.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail registered, 60 cents. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

Piso's Cure for Consumption is also the best **Cough Medicine.** If you have a Cough without disease of the Lungs, a few doses are all you need. But if you neglect this easy means of safety, the slight Cough may become a serious matter, and several bottles will be required.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

T. B. DOUGLASS.

No. 61 Mill Street, Bristol Pa.,

Has always on hand a large stock of first-class Stoves and Tinware.

Parlor Stoves, Double Heaters, Cook Stoves, Ranges, Portable Heaters, High Art Stoves, and Embossed Stove Boards, and Bread Boxes, Tin Pitchers, Paper Wash Basins, Galvanized Waiters, Argot Ware, Knives, Forks and Spoons.

Metaline Brilliant,

the best article in the world for cleaning nicke, brass, silver, &c.

Wash Boilers, Japan-ware, Milk Pans and other articles in the tin line.

Polite attention. No trouble to show goods.

TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY

All orders by mail will receive promp attention.

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